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NF

THE

# MILL OF THE MUSES.

BY

SELAH GRIDLEY, M. D.

EXETER,

PUBLISHED BY T. GRIDLEY.

1828.

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1827
Mary Gridley

THE NEW YORK
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DISTRICT OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE, to wit:

DISTRICT CLERK'S OFFICE.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the nineteenth day of January, A. D. 1828, in the fifty-second year of the Independence of the United States of America, TIMOTHY GRIDLEY, of the said District, has deposited in this Office the Title of a Book, the Right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the Words following, to wit: "The Mill of the Muses, by Selah Gridley, M. D."

In Conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned: and also to an Act entitled "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the Benefits thereof to the Arts of Designing, Engraving and Etching Historical and other Prints."

CHARLES W. CUTTER,
*Clerk of the District of New-Hampshire.*

# APOLOGY.

The Acrostics are moral and religious essays. No intentional allusion is made to the character of the person whose initials form the first letter of the line. They are principally the result of requests from those whose pleasure might be promoted by associating their names with moral sentiments. A benevolent stranger finds happiness in diffusing felicity to others. The cunning may allege that the writer too forcibly feels the language of the Saviour, "Give to him that asketh thee; and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away." Should the principle be *universal*, would wars be known? Alas, must the sword devour forever? Examples of christian virtues, have aided the formation of habits in New-England. Examples of justice in Sir William Penn, saved Pennsylvania from Indian wars. A nice sense of the feelings of others, forms the high character of our fellow citizens of the southern states. "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets."

Examples of condescension and kindness, it is hoped, are manifest in compliance with the least of these who would courteously ask "will you write my Acrostic?" If the world "have bitter envying and strife," and "glory in that *wisdom* which "descendeth not from above;" it is hoped that some in it, will perceive in this production, the effusions of a soul, that feels no hatred to a living mortal, but is "easy to be entreated,—without partiality and without hypocrisy." It is desirable that every follower of the Prince of Peace, should see with an eye of faith, that "the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace." Should the gay, and the fashionable perceive that these essays are too serious for modern taste, let them learn from the language of wisdom, that "By the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better." They are designed more for the heart of the christian, than the head of the critic. To the former, the writer only lifts a languid eye towards religion, for her mantle of Charity; to the latter, he can only say, in the language of Oithona, "my heart is not of that rock, nor my soul careless as that sea, which lifts its blue waves to every wind, and rolls beneath the storm."

The virtuous will not villify the last afforts of a

care worn and wasted brain. The humble will approve every effort to direct the eye of youth, to the rock of ages. The dying cannot wish to lower the hand that points to eternal life. Those who are freed from the slavery of sin will not interrupt the progress of power, when exerted with a design to remove the yoke of the bondage of sin, by a recital of the truths of that Grace which shall make you free. May the world perceive that to the pious, the songs of Zion are sweeter than the songs of Selma. There is a slavery in fashion, which thousands who "partake of it," cannot perceive in its disguise, that it is "a bitter draught." If the ears be nailed to the door post," they listen with pleasure for life, to the lyre of Apollo, when strung, by Moore and Byron, by Burns and Walter Scott. The writer of these essays has long been, also, a willing slave. The chains were thrown round him as early as the Colonies burst those which bound them to Great Britain,—by such Muses as moved Shakespeare and Milton, Dryden and Pope, Goldsmith and Gray, Addison and Steel, Watts and Wesley, Rowe and some others. Beginning to live, before Whitefield yielded his spirit to the Father of Spirits at Newbury-port, which occurred (Sep 30th 1770,)much pleasure, and it is hoped, some profit have been derived

from listening to the pulpit oratory of New England from early life. With a mind thus instructed, the writer, feels the reality of "The Gloom of Autumn," and is willing to exhibit a true Emblem of old age, by imparting pleasure and moral instruction to youth. To adduce proof of the sincerity of the desire the production of a month is subjected to the press. By these means a convenient copy can be furnished to those concerned. The subjects were often proposed by the person with whose name the essay is associated.

Does pride enquire for the motive in this condescension? Truth shall furnish the answer, *Experientia docet.* Each individual experienced in the circle of social duty, a scientific instruction, perceives that the youthful object of his care, soon becomes the companion of his way as he passes down "the stream of time," to the ocean of eternity. While truth and philosophy explain the cause, let pride be silent, while experience demonstrates the effect.

If youth are indulged in that which is reasonable, they are willing to obey in that which is right. The aged by condescending to innocent amusements acquire influence to persuade, and authority to rule.——From such motives writer is induced to furnish the youth with

moral amusement, and the public with a novel example. A devout hope is cherished that the owner will not blush, on laying this production in a library with the works of the meek and moral Bloomfield, the sedate and stately Montgomery, and the pious and intelligent Hannah Moore. Without waiting for the fashionable formality of a public recommendation, sanctioned by the signature of great names, the aged author, perceiving the lamp of life to be dying in its socket, prefers to diminish the pain of impatience, peculiar to youthful minds, by furnishing the friendly citizens of the U. S. A. with copies of these mental efforts. Should the public approve the plan, of implanting a name in the garden of truth, adorned with the flowers of poetry, whereby the word of GOD is reconcilable with common sense, and common reason, taste, and duty, it may perhaps, blunt the sting of the sharp arrow of death, (to a dying man) which ends man's earthly sorrow.

A NATIVE OF NEW-ENGLAND.

*Pembroke, June 5th* 1824.

# THE MUSES.

## Exeter Hymn.

God of mercy, heaven's Creator,
Win thy children to thy love,
May the lovely sons of nature,
Heirs of grace and glory prove.

Must we see our kindred dying,
Youth and friends go down to dust;
Still on native strength relying,
Making earthly joys their trust?

Lo that lamp of life expiring,
Cannot in that bosom burn;
Soon the soul in death retiring
May in deepest sorrow mourn.

Earth may take our forms to morrow,
Let us then be wise to day:

Heaven receives the soul of sorrow,
Made by grace to praise and pray.

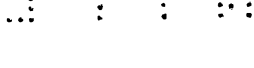
Christ has died for all the living,
None but scorners are unblest;
View him smiling, offering, giving
Weary souls eternal rest.

Let us flee from sin's dominions,
Tread the path the Saviour trod;
Who would halt between opinions,
Knowing that the Lord is God.

Where, ah where's the consolation,
Which the pious pilgrims felt?
Has Religion left its station,
Where our worthy fathers dwelt?

Mortals, view the Saviour's merit,
Seek the blessings which He gave;
Holy dove—celestial spirit
Thou canst wake, and warm, and save.

Let thy power be here imparted,
Ere the sun of life shall set:
For the wounded broken hearted,
Mercy beams for sinners yet.



aith and grace, good works attending,
With affections fix'd above,
Join'd with constant prayer ascending,
Fits the soul for endless love.

---

LETTER TO MARY.

*Exeter N. H. Feb. 26th* 1822.

Dear Mary,

Your kind and affectionate Letter cannot be answered. It is dated Sabbath afternoon, and sanctioned by a Mother's signature, whose parental duty requires that you be led in the path of piety.—Accept the effusions of an embittered soul this day between the hours of breakfast and dinner.

FAREWELL, O ye joys that are fled,
Once lost ye will never return;
Ah, lost like the names of the dead,
While few of the living will mourn.

Ah, lost, is the hand that could save,
In anguish, in sorrow and tears;
The nearer I draw to the grave,
More pleasant life's journey appears.

Unkindness and cruelty come,
Comfirm'd by the mandate of court,

To exile a man from his home,
And make his destruction their sport.

Let God be the judge of their ways,
Who would my last comforts destroy,
To render more wretched my days,
And send me to worlds of more joy.

The blessings presented by grace,
Shall cheer me to life's latest breath,
Whatever my country or place,
My sweet consolation in death.

Come death, thou last comforter come,
Let false ones oppress me no more;
I sigh for a peaceable home,
Where saints shall their Saviour adore.

---

## INVITATION TO PARADISE.

Ye children of nature who sing,
For joys which the seasons convey,
Remember that youth like the spring,
Must perish like blossoms of May.

The youth are as blossoms awhile,
To flourish as fading as they;

For death is succeeding the smile,
Like winter the pleasures of May.

Spring Summer, and Autumn depart,
For time will not suffer delay,
Disease is the frost of the heart,
Old age is life's winter of May.

Behold from the day-spring on high,
Grace offers to mortals a way
Where souls may arrive in the sky,
And sing in an Eden of May.

No changes of seasons are there,
Where saints shall their gratitude pay,
White robes of salvation shall wear,
And purer than blossoms of May.

Then hasten, ye mortals in youth,
For glories unfading to pray,
For joys as eternal as truth,
A Paradise sweeter than May.

---

HYMN FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS. JOHN VII. CHAP.

*Tunc Bethesda.*

1 YE children of the Lord,
Your Saviour's name adore,
And learn his heavenly word,

Till time shall be no more:
Thus Christ will give
Your spirits rest,
And make you blest,
While God shall live.

2 O learn his gracious prayer,
To give eternal life,
In heavenly mansions where
Is seen no tears nor strife:
So saints obtain,
A blest abode,
Where Christ, their God
Will ever reign.

3 "Now glorify thou me,
"O Father," Jesus pray'd;
"My glory was with Thee,
"Before the world was made;
"These Thou hast given,
"All mine are thine,
"And thine are mine,
"As one in heaven.

4 Myself I sanctify,
For these that truth recieve;
For these and them pray I
Which shall on me believe,
Those giv'n me know

That we are one,
The Father, Son,
In love below.

5 "The work Thou gavest me,
"To glorify thy name,
"Is finish'd here for Thee,
"To these I give the same:
"I go away,
"My joy fulfil,
"Keep them from ill,
"For them I pray.

6. "I am not of the world,
"Nor those sent out by Me;
"May evil here be hurl'd
"From them, till one with Thee.
"O sanctify
"Them through thy truth,
"Thy word is truth,
"Sent from on high.

7 "O righteous Father give,
"The glory now to those,
"Thou givest me to live,
"Before the world arose.
"I come to Thee,
"The world hate them:

"Keep through thy name,
"These one, as we.

8 "The world hath not known Thee,
"But I have the made known,
"And these thy glory see,
"Now glorify thy Son;
"Give them thy love
"As thou hast me,
"That they may be
"Made blest above.

9 "Perdition's son alone,
"Is lost of those first given;
"So let thy will be done,
"In earth as done in heaven;
"Thus to fulfil,
"Thy word thy laws,
"I for this cause,
"Obey thy will.

10 "I pray not for the world,
"But them which Thou hast given;
"My side must soon be thirl'd,
"Thy son from earth be driven!
"To these thine are,
"Thy name, thy love,
"With us above,
"I will declare.

Thus children learn to pray,
As Christ our Lord has done,
Till God calls you away,
To glorify the Son.
Let songs of love,
Fulfil His joy;
For saint's employ
Is praise above.

---

GOD IS JUDGE.—MATTHEW VII. CHAP.

JUDGE not your fellow men,
Lest God the Judge of all,
Should awful judgment give again,
And doom you thus to fall.

Such measure as you mete,
Must you receive again:
Be wise, lest near God's judgment seat,
Your doom be endless pain.

Behold the mote and beam,
That is in thine own eye!
Let charity give light supreme,
Lead you to joys on high.

Therefore, all things ye would
That men should do to you,

Do ye to them:—in doing good,
Joys are not small nor few.

Ask, and ye shall receive,
For those that seek shall find:
Where faith was found, Christ would relieve,
And cure the deaf and blind.

Then fear not little flock,
Build not your works on sand;
Have faith in God, make Christ your Rock,
Thus share his heavenly land.

The fruit will prove the tree,
No figs will thistles give:
Christ's heirs hear not, "depart from me,"
But come, "forever live."

These doctrines of our Lord,
With love, with life were given:
Ye children learn his holy word,
To guide your souls to heaven.

---

## THE CHRISTIAN TRAVELLER.

"O TELL me no more of this world's vain store,
"The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;

" A country I've found, where true joys abound,
" To dwell I'm determin'd on that happyground.

Though happiness here, to youth may appear,
Coeval with nature and lasting as high,
The phantoms theyview,the dreams they pursue
In prospect must vanish like meteors of night.

This life has no joy, without its alloy,
Even hope is a shadow, a bubble at best!
Then why should I grieve, such trifles to leave,
My life is a journey to the mansions of rest.

Come follow me youth, pursue after truth,
Abandon your follies, be sober and wise:
Religion you'll find, gives peace to the mind,
The best consolation when sorrows arise.

If mourners would see, that country with me,
Where none for misfortunes and losses complain;
By faith if they live, thro' grace they'll arrive,
Where vice never enters, nor sorrow nor pain.

Bring peace to my soul, ye years as ye roll,
For God's my supporter, a Saviour's my friend:
Let death quickly come—to hasten me home,
Where Saints their Hosannas with Angels shall blend.

### SAINT'S ETERNAL REST.

Celestial joys reward the just,
Eternal power preserves their dust:
Let faith in GOD then be your trust,
Ere nature bids you die;
So life shall give substantial joy
Till grace completes divine employ
In scenes where love has no alloy.
Above the starry sky.

When time's eternal doom shall sound,
O'er nature's vast dominions round,
O may you with the saints be found,
Divinely saved and blest:
Redemption then shall be your song,
Until the high and holy throng,
Forever shall the praise prolong,
For saints eternal rest.

---

### THE NEW BIRTH.

Mercy gives Regeneration,
Each new-born admires the grace:
Rich is he who finds salvation,
Call'd to see his Saviour's face.

Youth are lovely when in duty,
Giving up their souls to GOD;
Rising more in heavenly beauty,
In that love now shed abroad.

Do we love the Saviour's merit?
Love is due to those who love;
Each shall find that seek his spirit—
Yea, shall find a rest above.

---

FRIDAY AND SABBATH DAY.

On Friday, Christ our Saviour died,
When suffering nature wept:
When Roman Soldiers pierced his side
When Christ in marble slept.

On Sabbath morn an Angel came,
And roll'd the stone away!
The Lord arose!—these days proclaim,
A resurrection day!

Most mortals, ills of Friday fear,
Few, vast concerns begin!
Let saints, reflecting, shed a tear,
Let sinners flee from sin.

O holy Sabbath! welcome day!
Still welcome to my soul!
When mortals meet to praise and pray
When love can fear control,

On Friday Christ did law fulfil!
He then gave up the Ghost!
Then finished all His Father's will,
Soon join'd the heavenly host.

The sabbath saw the Saviour rise!
Awake from death's cold sleep!
Saw Jesus meet loved Mary's eyes,
Who early came to weep.

On Friday Jesus found a tomb;
Yet lived and loved again!
Again the Judge of all will come,
And will forever reign!

Sweet Sabbath, blessed day of days!
Most precious of the seven!
When all is rest, and peace and praise,
Earth most resembles heaven.

---

## HEAVENLY REST.

Justice cheers the good man's eyes,
On life's sea where troubles rise,

Hope his anchor, in the storm,
Nature's elements may form.

Resting on Almighty power,
Under grief in danger's hour,
Great deliverance he may find,
Great by him who rules the wind:
Love divine can make his breast,
End its woes where saints are blest,
Saved to enter into rest.

---

## BENEVOLENCE.

Benevolence, sweet is the smile,
Each look that relieves can inspire;
Thus kindness can sorrow beguile,
Such love even angels admire:
Each action in pity may bring its reward,
Yet done to obey the command of the Lord.

Go on then, thou Christian with joy,
In rules which the Saviour has given;
Let charity be thy employ,
Midst trials that fit thee for heaven:
And while in these deeds let no vanity rise
Nor trust them alone for the peace of th

## FORCE OF PUBLIC OPINION.

*The truth shall make you free.—John 8. c. 32. v.*

Opinion and fashion will govern mankind,
Let fashion subside, and one half remain blind;
In thought, as in dress, men by fashion will move,
Vindictive in hatred, excessive in love;
Each ruled by opinions not always his own,
Regardless of truth, which should rule him alone:

Receive then advice from a friend to a youth,
On subjects important seek only for truth,
Or wait, when by passion, the world is on fire,
Till time, makes the torch of delusion expire.

Habitual thoughts, tho'from falsehood embrac'd,
Are fix'd, and will scarcely by truth be effaced:
Religion herself on opinions will ride,
Rejoicing to find popularity's side:
In all things to truth let attention be given,
Seek truth, with its rules, it will guide you to heaven.

---

## THE CHRISTIAN'S ANCHOR.

May piety long be your best consolation,
And faith love and grace always lead you to God,

Rejoicing forever in Jesus's salvation,
Yea trusting redemption obtain'd by his blood.

Her hope firmly fix'd on the sure rock of ages,
And thursting for righteousness sweetly assuages
Yea quenches the thirst which ambition inspires:
No love of the world, with its false fancied greatness,
Even flattering, or frowning, shall move her sedateness,
Should slander assail with the torch of his fires.

Religion has anchors in tempests of nature,
Unseen, and afforded by God our Creator;
Grace saves us from whirlpools which malice would raise;
Give then, O thou christian, to God the direction,
Let waves roar around thee, yet feel no dejection,
Ere long you may reach the safe port of perfection,
Serenely rejoicing in glory and praise.

---

## TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE.

Misery's tears are seen with blindness,
All who have no pity flee!

Rich was virtue offering kindness,
Yielding late relief to me.

Grief brought sickness and distraction,
Ready helpers were not there;
If long left with no kind action,
Death had ended my despair.

Let my feeling heart though broken,
Ere I find my home the grave,
Yield to friends some grateful token,
Most to those who sought to save.

Are my miseries all a fiction?
Can they seem a painted woe?
If I feel not deep affliction,
Never may that river flow.

Turn your eyes on my loved valley,
Oh, where is the owner driven?
Soon the thought my spirits rally,
Heave a sigh, and hope for heaven.

---

## BROTHERLY LOVE.

Sincere is the love of a long absent brother,
Affection increases as distance extends,
Renews a fine feeling unknown to another,
Awakens fond thoughts of a sister and friends.

How thrilling are thoughts that so swiftly are flying,
Across hills and vales that divide me from home!
No murmuring breeze is so sad as my sighing,
Nor dew drops so precious as tears as I roam.

We think of our friends with the sweetest emotion,
As quick as the lightning that crossess the skies;
Love wakes like the morning that brightens the ocean,
Like sunbeams that cheer the sad sleepers that rise.

---

## THE MOURNER'S CONSOLATION.

Sad changes to mortals are given,
Their fondest delights pass away,
Fix'd blessings alone are in heaven,
Where joy is eternal as day.

Afflictions spring not from the dust
They come from the hand of the Lord;
Death comes from a God who is just,
And Christ has those ruins restored.

Then why should our tears ever flow,
For losses which God has design'd,

Since time may diminish the woe,
And grace bring its peace to the mind.

Religion alone has a charm,
To stop the disconsolate sigh
When conscience awakes with alarm,
As friends who are dear to us die.

How rich is that grace which is free,
And offer'd to children of grief!
May this be a comfort to thee,
And give thy deep sorrow relief.

A pious and sensible friend,
When nature is sinking with gloom,
Where kindness and sympathy blend,
May light up a smile o'er the tomb.

Then cultivate friendship and love,
Religion and virtue pursue,
Till souls sweetly mingle above,
Where saints bid their sorrows Adieu.

There anguish and bitterness die,
There joys of salvation are known,
Where God will lost comforts supply,
And blessings shall flow from his throne.

## PEACE AND REST.

Religion can the soul sustain,
Uphold it when life's powers decay:
This friend at rest found Christ was gain,
Had peace when call'd from earth away.

Resign'd she gave her spirit up,
United with her Lord in love;
She long profess'd a public hope,
That God would give her rest above.

---

## PARTING WITH FRIENDS.

Sighs will rise, though unavailing,
As each fond enjoyment ends!
Love is often heard bewailing,
Loss of dear departed friends.

Ye who know a mourner's feeling,
Sympathise, and soothe my fears;
Anguish felt is past concealing,
Rises with a flood of tears.

God can heal the broken hearted,
End these doubts and fears that rise:
None can meet, no more be parted,
Till they meet above the skies.

## THE DIGNITY OF FASHIONS CONTRASTED WITH THE DUTY OF CHRISTIANS.

Lo, thousands are wiser than children of light,
Love fashions as fondly when wrong as when right;
Pursue the gay throng and their practices bless,
In virtues, in vices opinions and dress.
Though Moses should speak, or should Samuel rule,
If fashions oppose, each would seem like a fool!
What is Law from Mount Sinai with thunder and fire,
Compared with the law of delight and desire?
When Eli's base sons were condemn'd to be slain,
Did Israel from vices in fashion refrain?
When Ahab for sin, stern Elijah reproves,
Do pleasures in fashion, now cease in the groves?
The Priest and the Levite, when misery cried,
Pass'd by on proud fashion's and dignity's side.
My soul sinks in sorrow at scenes, of such scorn,
And wishes proud mortals might, all be new-born;
That man should no more to this world be conform'd;
But, through divine grace, to God's will be transform'd.

Behold the Redeemer descend from God's
throne!
What dignity with his mild meekness was
shown!
The sick, and the poor, look'd to him for relief,
Found help from a God, now acquainted with
grief.
He taught both what Moses and Prophets had
said,
Was equally kind to the dying and dead.
But ah, how rejected by fashion and pride!
Too good for this world, He on Calvary died!
Here mark, ye disciples, the path he has trod,
Be meek, and be lowly, be kind like your God;
Who could with poor sinners and publicans eat,
To teach his disciples, He washed their feet.
Where then is your duty; proud follower, now,
Who gave to your Saviour the covenant vow?
Shall meekness and duty be barter'd for fame,
With fig leaves of fashion to cover your shame?
Can you the stern Judge's reproaches endure,
For shunning all deeds which are done by the
poor?
Go then, fashion's slave, prove your newness of
heart,
And act from example humility's part:
Let sabbath's by law, to devotion be given,
Let actions each day speak the spirit of heaven:

Remember the humble Samaritan's deeds,
Pour oil into wounds where poor wretchedness bleeds:
More charity drops from kind riches' own hand,
Than boasted donations, the pride of our land.
From offerings so made sweetest incense may rise,
Which Angels may waft for our peace in the skies.

---

Almighty God, we mourn,
Our wand'ring from thy ways;
Oft as we sin, we would return,
To seek thy pard'ning grace.

Too much by passion toss'd,
Our hearts have gone astray,
Till Charity has felt a frost,
That melts with joy to day.

Forgiveness—O the charms
That dwell upon the sound!
Its influence every bosom warms
Where faith and grace abound.

When he, who murmur'd loves,
Then error is forgiven,

A Saviour smiles, a God approves,
And joy is felt in heaven.

Dear Saviour, must our pride,
Disquiet us again ?
Since Thou hast for transgressors died
In agonizing pain :

Ah, no ! these hearts shall cease
From motion and from life,
Before we'll barter love and peace,
For honour, fame and strife.

But God will often prove
His Church by pains and fears ;
Repress her pride increase her love,
By trials and by tears.

Ye sinners come and view,
How Jesus oft declares,
I have forgiveness still for you,
If faith attend your prayers.

Eternal Power display
The riches of thy grace,
Assist thy saints to love and pray,
Till sinners seek thy face,

More quickly thus shall come,
The blest millennial day
When faith shall triumph o'er the tomb
And tears be wip'd away.

---

## FUNERAL DIRGE.

Ye friends around the tomb,
Who feel for other's woes,
Come mourn departed Emme's bloom,
A faded—fallen rose.

Late flourishing and fair,
She seem'd a flower in May;
But death has shot his arrows there,
And torn that bloom away.

Dim is that lovely eye,
That beam'd with ardour bright,
Cold in the grave that form must lie,
Which gave so much delight.

Alas, our comforts die,
And all our joys depart;
Ourselves and friends in dust will lie,
And death dissolve the heart!

Dear Saviour, thou canst give,
New life in thine abode:

Redeem'd from sin our souls shall live
Immortal as our GOD.

---

### THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

Sabbaths ordain'd for a blessing to mortals,
Are as a foretaste of glory to come;
Rest is completed at heaven's high portals;
Angels convey weary souls to their home;
Heaven gives a rest to the saints from the tomb.

Sweet is a Sabbath of rest and devotion,
Mortals with praises may one day in seven,
Imitate angels with sweetest emotion,
Turn to the Lord that their sins be forgiven,
Hold fast the faith that will lead them to heaven.

---

### HEROES OF THE CROSS.

1 Behold the Messengers of Grace
Assembling, joyful tidings bring!
Of triumphs for the human race,
Of glory gain'd for Zion's King!

2 While all Columbia's sons unite,
To greet a Hero's glad return;

The Saviour's sons of life and light
With zeal for greater glory burn.

3 As heroes here receive their fame,
Made welcome in a friendly land;
Each soldier in his Saviour's name,
More welcome meets his chosen band.

4 The sacred warriors with their foes
Their great Commander's orders wait:
When time shall life's hard warfare close,
Christ's honours and rewards are great.

5 While Heroes meet the world's renown,
For patient toil and suffering here;
The saint receive a heavenly crown,
For every pain and pious tear.

6 Let faith and patience be our shield,
The Holy Spirit be the sword;
Soon we shall win the glorious field
Of honour with our heavenly Lord.

7 Let love of earthly honour die,
In Christ although we die we live,
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
Where Christ will endless glory give.

8 Brave Christians, in life's war Farewell,
Soon we shall see a welcome shore,
In peace and rest forever dwell,
Rejoice and praise, and part no more.

---

LOSS OF FRIENDS.

Must my spirit mourn forever?
Ah, my friends to death depart!
Rest is theirs, death's strokes dissever
Ties entwining round my heart,
Had I now loved friends departed,
As the friends of other years,
Binding up the broken hearted,
Under trials griefs and tears;
Reason would not thus bewailing
Ever heave a rising sigh;
Love would not be unavailing,
Life would not seem ever failing.

---

TRIBUTE TO DEPARTED FRIENDS.

Sweet is the memory of the just,
Affection round their mouldering dust,
The fondest honour pays;
Thus mourners too must shortly rest,
With hopes to meet forever blest,
When Christ these forms shall raise.

Farewell long loved departed friends,
For GOD this earthly prison ends,
When time shall be no more:
Then may we blest redemption sing,
Before our gracious heavenly King,
And round his throne adore.

---

## PROGRESS OF THE PIOUS.

Blest are the daughters and sons of devotion,
Endless their prospects of glory to come;
Duty conducts them like streams to the ocean,
Yea, like a river they flow to their home.

Calmly descending through death's silent valley,
Onward they pass to their wide opening graves;
Wait till the Saviour the ransom'd shall rally,
Lift up their heads as his winds lift the waves,
Enter heav'ns portals before the I AM,
Shouting the praises of GOD and the LAMB.

---

## SORROW AND HOPE.

Social comforts, friends and pleasures,
Are as changing as the year!
Raise fond hopes of lasting treasures;
Ah, they end in sorrow's tear!

Had I now fond joys departed,
Given to cheer like morning flowers,
I should not so broken hearted,
Lift these sighs in lonely hours.

Must remembrance still distress me?
Am I sold as sorrow's slave?
No, the Power that binds can bless me!
See, the hand that guides can save!

Mighty God of my salvation,
I would hope for happier years:
Thou canst give me consolation,
Heaven can wipe away all tears.

---

## VERSION OF 12TH CHAP. OF ECCLESIASTES.

Now remember thy Creator,
In the days of youthful years,
Now, before thy dying nature,
Comes like clouds of rain in tears.

Lest thou say thou hast no pleasure,
In the evil days to come,
Seek from God a heavenly treasure,
Soon the grave may be thy home.

Seek before heavens constellation,
Sun and Moon are darkened there;
Seek from God thy soul's salvation,
Given to guard against despair.

Keepers of the house shall tremble,
And the strong men bow themselves—
Knees shall falling pots resemble,
When an earthquake shakes the shelves.

When the teeth shall cease as grinders,
With the sound of grinding low,
When thine eyes like window-blinders
Darken light thou lovest so:

When thine ears, thy doors of hearing,
Shall be shut from noisy streets;
When the birds, with music cheering,
Thy fond soul no longer greets:

When loved music—all her daughters,
Joy no longer shall supply;
Terrors come like mighty waters,
Thou afraid of that on high:

When the almond tree shall flourish,
On thy head like snow and hail;

When no food thy frame shall nourish,
When from thence desire shall fail:

When the insect that surrounds thee,
Makes thee rise, with voice of birds;
When the King of Terrors wounds thee,
Make thy trust God's holy words.

Then the dust to earth returning,
Then the spirit judgment meets;
Friends may weep awhile in mourning,
Mourners go about the streets.

Death shall prove what God hath spoken,
When the silver cord, the brain,
With the fountain heart is broken
Like a Pitcher by thy pain:

Wisdom writes on works of mortals,
Vanity of vanities;
God thy Judge from heaven's high portals,
All thy thoughts and actions sees.

And because the heaven taught teacher
Sought out words upright and wise;
Make acceptable the Preacher,
Who sets proverbs for thine eyes.

Words of wisdom to the living,
Are as nails by master hands,

Fastened goads, instruction giving,
From one shepherd for all lands.

Study wearies flesh with writing,
Making books will never end;
Be admonish'd—he indicting,
Is thy faithful, dying friend.

Time destroys all strength and beauty,
All activity of youth!
Fear thy God,—thy great whole duty,
Love his word,—his word is truth.

Let us hear the whole conclusion,
God and his commandments love:
Fear, for time ends life's declusion,
God will judge thy works above.

Into judgment God shall bring thee,
Secret things be kept no more!
Up to heaven may angels wing thee,
There thy soul thy God adore.

## FRATERNAL LOVE.

*A version of the 133rd Psalm. To be sung by the Masonic Fraternity standing.*

Behold how good, how pleasent stand,
United Brethren in a band!
'Tis like the dew on Hermon shed,
Like ointment pour'd on Aaron's head.

Like precious ointment down his beard,
Is truth, when with affection heard:
As fragrance Aaron's skirts convey'd,
So love flows down by friendship's aid.

As dews descend on Zion's hill,
The Lord commands his blessing still,
Where men and brethren find delight,
In friendly ways, in love unite.

The sons of love have peace and rest,
Like Zion so divinely blest;
Let all unite—our God adore,
He gives us life forever more.

---

## FAREWELL SONNET.

Friends before we part to day,
Let us mortal scenes survey,
Let us view life's changes here,
Ever changing like the year:

Youth like Spring will soon be past,
Life like Summer will not last,
Age like Autumn spreads a gloom,
Death like Winter soon will come,
Each like her will find a home,
In the dark and dismal tomb.
Let us then through changing life,
Shun all wickedness and strife;
Let us spend the spring of youth,
Seeking wisdom, learning truth,
Trusting in Almighty grace,
Running in the heavenly race;
So the light of life shall rise,
Pleasant as the morning skies;
So it's noon-day beams shall cheer,
Like the summer of the year;
So the storm of life shall cease,
Like the evening sun in peace;
So when time's last sands have run,
When our God shall quench the sun,
Then we may with Angels soar,
There with saints and thrones adore.

---

## HOPE.

Eternal as time is the hope of the heart,
Lives still as our mortal enjoyments depart;

*In sickness* and death, we yet hope joys to come,
Zeal, founded on faith, bears the soul to its home:
All mortals, at times, in thick darkness must grope,
Beholding no light but the sweet ray of Hope:
Each beam of fond Hope, our lost comforts restore,
Till darkness, and sorrow, and time are no more.
How cruel the friend that would take Hope away,
By basest deception or coldest delay!
In each disappointment which mortals have found,
Delightful is Hope, which pours oil for the wound:
Woe follows the wretch, who, deceiving the fair,
Endeavours to hasten the days of despair:
Let mortals be constant in friendship and love,
Live hoping for blessings in glory above.

---

## THE GRAVE.

Death feeds the grave where our relatives slumber,

Endless as time lives his merciless reign;
Bowing a people which no man can number,
Onward still moving till death shall be slain.

Rest in the grave is the end of life's sorrow,
All must submit to our God's great decree;
Here where we weep we may moulder to morrow,
Death has no terror when if grace makes us free.

Under the clods is a house for all living,
There must soon perish these forms that GOD gave,
Christ who thus lay, now salvation is giving,
Heaven must be entered through gates of the grave.

---

## DAVID'S HARP.

Sweet sounds graced the Harp of blest Israel's King,
A Harp that could tranquilize Saul!
Like passions subside when the musical sing,
Lo, music has power over all.

Ye mortals extend divine music on earth,
Sing Psalms, Hymns and Anthems of praise:

A heavenly host sung Emmanuel's birth,
Reveal'd Him in heavenly lays.

Go then like the Psalmist with Instruments sweet,
Express your devotions in song;
New songs saints may sing when in glory they meet,
To whom praise and honour belong.

---

## MORTALITY.

Mortality's law mingles all with the dust,
Eternally fix'd is God's truth:
Let mortals submit, make the Saviour their trust,
In faith, in the season of youth.

No mortal by wisdom the sentence can shun,
Death triumphs as King of the grave,
As steady as God moves the earth round the Sun,
Eternal as wind moves a wave.

Man, count every day of your life as the last,
Each moment is precious that flies;
Rich grace is as free, as our moments flee fast,
Ye mortals prepare for the skies.

## SONGS OF ANGELS.

Divinest songs in Heav'n arose,
As Angels saw creation's close,
View'd Man with nature made!
If Angels sung the Saviour's birth,
Descending taught heaven's song to earth,
Such songs should be repaid.

Angelic songs to heav'n should rise,
Re-echo music from the skies,
Grace, rich from heav'n above;
Earth's arts should with our songs combine,
Nor let a Harp refuse to join,
'Till souls find heav'n in love.

---

## BEING OF A GOD.

All nature proves there is a living God,
No mortal sees effects without a cause!
New proofs are seen in nature's charms abroad,
Sure proof in seasons ruled by steady laws.

We look on nature in the earth and sky,
Eternal truth has wisdom's lessons given;
Truth tells us there, that mortals live to die,
Time lays us low that souls may rise to heaven.

## CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

Missionaries act from duty,
Act from GOD'S own holy word;
Rise in strength with youth and beauty,
Yield obedience to their Lord.

Christ with love in every feature,
Loving all the sons of men,
Acted—died, for every creature,
Rose with love to life again.

Kings and Princes now adore him,
Each who knows him loves Him more:
Friends so blest should speak before him,
Of His grace on every shore.

Love and gratitude united,
Seem to urge the child of grace
On, with light, to those benighted,
Meek in toil to save our race.

---

## TOMB.

Round thy tomb thy kindred mourning,
Love to wander and to weep;
Where thy dust to dust returning,
They with thee must shortly sleep.

Thou shalt live in fond remembrance;
Worth like thine can never die:
Faith still views thy pure resemblance,
With the spirits of the sky.

There thy soul may sing redemption,
In the realms of peace and rest,
When shall we find such exemption,
From this anguish of the breast?

Power Eternal! may thy Spirit
Fit our souls for joys above!
Bring us through the Saviour's merit,
To our friends in endless love.

There with ecstacy unending,
Friends shall meet to part no more,
There with Saints and Angels blending,
We shall praise and thrones adore.

---

## REPENTANCE.

Benevolence dwelt with the Saviour for all,
Eternity's mercy commenced with man's fall:
The prophet, Saint John, preach'd repentance on earth,
Salvation was sung at Emmanuel's birth:

Even Angels sung peace and good will unto men,
Ye sinners "repent" Jesus first preached then!
Heaven's Kingdom, the Saviour proclaim'd is at hand,
No soul, unrenew'd in my kingdom shall stand.

O mortals, with prayer, your repentance begin,
Your safety is sure, with repentance for sin:
Each pris'ner of hope makes the Saviour his trust,
Saints smile, though their bodies must mingle with dust.

---

## HEAVENLY HARPS AND HEAVENLY GLORY.

High heaven has Harps, hope has her honours here,
Enrapturing echoes enter every ear;
No novelty new nurtur'd nature needs,
Redemption's records rapture Raphael reads.
Immortal's interests immortality inspires
Earth's evils ended, enmity expires:
Time's trumpet terrifies time's tenants then,
Ten thousands tremble, thousands, ten times ten,
Adoring Angels, all, ascribe, Amen.

## CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE.

Benevolence! O how sublime! how refined!
Embracing with love the whole race of mankind!
No avarice reigns in benevolent hearts,
Joy, peace, and good will, to all men it imparts.
As Christ died for all our degenerate race,
Mankind should all share in his excellent grace.
Impart then, ye mortals, what Jesus has given,
Nor fail of advancing the Kingdom of heaven:
Such grace as our God by the Saviour has shown,
The heirs of his grace should to all men make known:
Earth's Kingdoms might thus prove the Kingdom of God,
Vain monarchs be humble through fear of his rod.
Each soul born of God will His glories display,
New born, will the blessing to others convey.
So Christ gave commandment all people to teach,
"Go unto all nations, my gospel there preach."
As Christ loved us, so we all men should love,
Give evidence thus that disciples we prove;
Each soul pardon'd sinner seeks glory above.

## MORTALITY, RESIGNATION AND HOPE.

Life came from our God who gave all things existence,
Yet firmly decreed that the living should die;
Decree, undisputed and vain is resistance;
In earth's quiet bosom all living must lie.

Ah, why should our death be attended with mourning?
Mortality ends earthly sorrow and pain:
On all came the law, dust to dust is returning
Uniting the spirit to spirit again.

Let love to this law be the christian's endeavour,
Time soon must extinguish all hatred and love
On grace, through the Saviour, faith triumphs for ever,
Near Him who redeems us for glory above.

## PIOUS ZEAL. Luke 19.

Zacchæus climed into a Sycamore tree,
In zeal the dear Jesus his Saviour to see:
Let all, like Zaccheus, the Saviour pursue,
Pursue Him, ye sinners, He first loved you:

He laid down his life to have sinners forgiven,
And now speaks in language of mercy from heaven,
"Come sinners, come down from your places of pride,
"Humility's temple is where I abide.

"Abide in my love, and forsake all your sins,
"My grace shall descend where repentance begins;
"Be zealous in seeking the kingdom of heaven,
"Each blessing ye need, then to you shall be given:

"Repent, O ye sinners, salvation receive,
"Life endless in joy is for those who believe;
"In zeal and in faith, persevere to the end,
"New joys are prepared by your judge and your friend."

---

## TRUTH OF REVELATION.

ETERNAL is truth, as the Lord of creation,
Light shines from the truth which the Bible has given:
In faith of the truth of eternal salvation,
Zeal bore the disciples and martyrs to heaven.
A glorious love of our God and our neighbours,

Joy, peace and good will, are proclaim'd on the earth,
Apostles proclaim'd it with dangers and labours,
Now civilization receives a new birth.
Eternal these truths stand to aid human reason,
Like Light-houses cheering the mariner's eye,
Each tempest-toss'd passenger tried for a season,
Will find a safe harbour with Christ in the sky.
If truth be our guide as the rude tempets roar,
Safe ports are provided where storms rage no more.

---

## HUMILITY.

Serenely the christian can live or can die,
United to Christ with due meekness and love;
Seek humbly the Saviour, who came from on high,
And suffer'd, and died, and ascended above.
No soul, self exalted, is fitted for heaven,
Humility's robe every christian should wear,
Adorn'd with the righteousness Jesus has given,
Salvation, the meek, poor in spirit may share.
Examples of meekness Emmanuel gave,
Love, pity, and help, was to poverty shown

Tears told his compassion at Lazarus' grave,
Immensity's power was display'd with a groan.
No more may proud mortals the humble despise,
Eternal salvation came down from the skies.

---

## REASON AND REVELATION.

Can our reason lead to glory?
Ye proud reasoners answers give?
None in reason's wisdom hoary,
Teach how friends departed live.

Heaven gave man a revelation,
In the Prophets and the law:
All may now through Christ's salvation,
Mercy find, sweet comforts draw.

Know the truth, thy great Creator,
None rejects, where faith is given;
On this rest, thou child of nature:
Xerxes pride would fail of heaven.

---

## FUNERAL HYMN.

While we some youth admire,
Adorn'd with beauty's bloom,

Why should those charms so soon expire,
And perish in the tomb.

Alas! the brightest beams,
That please a Mortal eye,
Vanish from view like nightly dreams,
And in Oblivion lie.

Like some fond flower of May,
Young Laura blossom'd here,
Like sparkling dew at opening day,
As soon must disappear.

What tho' her life is o'er,
And dust to dust return,
Tho' silence where she pleas'd before,
Recall our thoughts to mourn?

Yet shall a Saviour's love,
Assuage affliction's sting,
Lead up our thoughts to scenes above,
Where joys eternal spring.

---

CHRISTMAS ODE, 1824.

The wars of the world were permitted to cease,
The temple of Janus was shut for the peace:
Wise men of the East rose and travell'd afar,

To witness where rested bright Bethlehem's
Star:
Then Jesus our Lord in a manger was born,
While Shepherds and Angels with joy hail'd the
morn.

Behold with the Day-spring of God from on
high,
"Good tidings of joy," Angels sing from the
sky!
Then suddenly--heavenly hosts join the praise,
Great joy to all people this birth-day displays:
Good will and remission of sins are now given,
Believers may enter the Kingdom of heaven.

Can mortals be mute when the Angels descend?
And heav'n in compassion to earth can thus
bend?
Kings, Princes, and People, unite in the song,
Ye winds and ye waves bear the tidings along,
Let all men rejoice for Emmanuel's birth,
Till news of Salvation encircles the earth.

The bright Sun of Righteousness beams on the
world,
Idolatry's pow'r to destruction is hurl'd!
The great King of Kings in vast majesty stands,
Presenting Redemption to tribes of all lands:
Let none then reject the dear Son of his love,
[illegible] wish for a dwelling in mansions above.

## DEATH OF CHRIST.

Man's death has become King of terrors no more!
A Saviour has died, love and life to restore!
Redemption was sung by a heavenly host,
Yet Jesus soon suffer'd and gave up the Ghost.
Preserv'd from all sin, He all sins could forgive,
Could say to the guilty, "in Paradise live."
O mortals, behold in what anguish He died!
Life ceased from his pains before spears pierced his side!
Believers in love with Christ's wonderful love,
Yield life without fear, join his glory above.

---

## OBEDIENCE.

How lovely, how pleasant assemblies appear,
Assemblies where love is, "love casteth out fear!"
No angels of God, laws of love disobey,
No angels, but fallen ones, there go astray.

Angelic is with order and love,
Heaven's laws due order, it came from above.
No woes prove so awful as Adam's first fall,
Obedience is the first duty of all.

Ye christians, ye friends to equality's laws,
Each must obey rules from all nature's first cause.
So Christ order'd tribute to Cæsar when due,
Love shown unto others draws love towards you.

Endearing are those who in duty obey,
Wise men by obedience wisdom display,
In duty tread paths which the Saviour has trod,
Seek duty to men, obey laws of their God.

---

## MAN OF AMBITION.

Toil mingles with duty in every condition,
Requiring in business our skill to employ:
Uniting our efforts with honest ambition,
We best fly from vice, and promote health and joy.

One man of ambition, resolved to act duty,
Receives more applause from the good and the wise,
Than thousands who idly waste wealth time and beauty,
Hide talents in graves, for their usefulness dies.

Ye mortals who wish for divine approbation,
Let diligent enterprise talents employ:
Make Christ your example and seek his salvation,
Obtain by much striving his heavenly joy.

Religion requires striving active behaviour;
Give diligent search then for Him all should love:
All doing the will of their Father and Saviour,
Now trust in the promise of glory above.

---

## DIVINE MERCY.

Mercy to mortals with Jesus descended,
Angels sung peace and good will towards men:
Rest not, till faith with repentance is blended,
Ye who have heard of his miracles then.

All who believe may be blest with redemption,
Nature expresses the gratitude due:
None if ungrateful, from pain find exemption,
Endless are glories, true Christians, for you.

Kings, and the Prophets, in prospect delighted,
Never perceived, like Disciples, the sight;
O, what a blessing for nations benighted,
Xerxes the great might rejoice for the light.

## LOVE OF LEARNING.

A pure love of learning enlarges the soul,
By learning what others think, thoughts may
expand,
In history learn how ourselves to controul,
Gain knowledge and wisdom from every land.

All learning is useful that makes us more wise,
Instructing us how in due order to move:
Let learning then be the delight of our eyes,
Dividing the time between labour and love.

Know all, the first learning is fear of the Lord,
New learning to all Inspiration has given:
Our knowledge and wisdom is found in God's
word,
Xenophon so learn'd might be led up to heaven.

---

## TRIALS OF LIFE.

Joseph had serious trials of old,
Only of envy by brethren was sold:
Saw severe trials from Potiphar's wife,
Even for virtue endanger'd his life.

Pharaoh, trials for Israel once found,
Yielding on wickedly till he was drown'd,

Napoleon, great in all trials of life,
Endear'd by sweet ties, was deprived of his wife.

When banish'd by Kings to St. Helena's isle,
Each tale of his trials brings tears or a smile,
Life's trials completed by Sir Hudson Lowe,
Life yielded with nature life's trials of woe.

King David severest of trials must see,
Not Solomon's wisdom from trials could free:
On Jesus a torrent of trials must roll,
Xantippee tried patience in Socrates' soul.

---

## POWER OF RELIGION,

Can all that fortune ever gave,
Have power to light the darksome grave,
And take death's stings away?
Religion's power sheds heavenly light,
Like sunbeams, on death's darkest night,
Each christian sees that ray.

So Addison and Newton died,
Resign'd, great souls with grace supplied,
On death behold no gloom:
Wise men by millions of our race,
Endued from God with light and grace,
Live blest beyond the tomb.

## GLORY OF THE GOSPEL.

John sent to Jesus from prison his home,
Art thou that Prophet expected to come?
Christ heal'd by miracles, raised up the dead,
On the blest poor, His rich Gospel was shed,
Blessed is he not offended in this,
Keeping Christ's words as an heir of true bliss.
Endless the blessing! it comforts in death!
Life springs anew on resigning the breath.
Love thus unequal'd the Gospel has given,
Ye poor in spirit your portion is heaven.

---

## THE MOURNER'S HOPE.

Death lays low dear friends and neighbours,
Round us lov'd companions fall:
Soon we too may end life's labours,
Stand before the Judge of all.

Lest this be our lot to-morrow,
Let us all be wise to day;
Lest our souls lie down in sorrow,
Let us love to praise and pray.

Grace comes down from God to mortals
Beams to comfort mourner's eyes,

Lights thee to heaven's high portals,
Where affection never dies.

Hither look ye dying sinners,
Seek the Saviour's dying love:
Through repentance saints are winners
In unchanging joys above.

---

ODE SUNG AT THE ORDINATION OF THE REV. MR. CUSHMAN, AT FAIRHAVEN Feb. 12, 1807.

Behold a world in deep dismay,
Ere Jesus did from heaven descend;
The gentile world in darkness lay,
And doubt, despair, and horror reigned.

Proud sages sought by nature's light,
But could no future world explore:
The spirit fled—and all was night—
Even wisdom own'd she knew no more.

Thick clustering woes spread round the earth,
Disease and death on nature hung;
Where human passions had their birth,
Where pride and war and murder sprung.

But God in mercy to our race,
Sent down his Son to dwell below;

Proclaiming light and life and peace,
And endless joy for hopeless woe.

Free grace dispell'd dim nature's gloom,
Where e're the joyful tidings spread:
It scatter'd roses round the tomb,
It promis'd heaven,—it rais'd the dead.

That grace the twelve Apostles taught,
Pastors to people still convey:
The way of life to us is brought,
A priest in Christ is ours to day.

O God while thus divinely blest,
And brighter hopes of heaven appear,
We pray thy blessing still may rest,
On priest and people station'd here.

May truth and meekness mark our ways,
May lasting peace cement our love:
May faith and patience, prayer and praise,
Prepare our souls for joys above.

Salvation! O, how rich, how free!
Repenting sinners 'tis for you;
Angels its glories long'd to see,
And chant the theme forever new.

Redemption heals up every wound,
That Death and Nature's sting has given,
The Sun of Mercy beams around,
And Grace conducts the soul to heaven.

---

### THE ORPHAN'S HOPE.

Loss of Father and of Mother,
Often grieves an Orphan youth,
Rule of life above all other,
Under grief, is holy truth.

Here, when with life's tempest shaken,
Are sweet beams for youthful hope;
May the youth if friend forsaken,
Ask, the Lord will take them up.

Here grief finds alleviation,
Feeling still afflictions rod,
Friends of Christ may find salvation,
Rest for people of our God.

Each who trusts the Great Creator,
Now may be in Jesus blest;
Can submit to laws of nature,
Hope through grace for endless rest.

HYMN SUNG AT CASTLETON, JUNE 21, 1820.

ROUND our world by heaven's own order,
War and discord have an end,
Peace prevails in all our borders,
Science and religion blend.

Grace shall here her children nourish,
Learning light the lamp of truth,
Virtue like our Country flourish,
Wisdom's voice shall guide our youth.

Foster'd here by youth and beauty,
Charity revives and smiles,
Thousands over-ruled by duty,
Send the Gospel to the Isles.

Soon all lands the truth shall cherish,
Heathen rites shall reign no more,
All idolatry shall perish,
Earth her Saviour King adore.

---

A SPIRITUAL SONG.

SEE the Judge of all descending,
Thrones and powers before him bending,
Clouds convey the sovereign Lord!
Earth now quakes and falls asunder,

Heaven resounds with awful thunder
Nature melts before his word.

Justice bears a sword before Him,
Hosts of heaven with trumps adore him,
Quick and dead the summons hear;
Time now stops at sounds surprising,
Death behold the dead arising,
Countless millions shrink with fear.

"Come Dear Lord of our Redemption,
"Grant from second death exemption,"
"All the saints in rapture cry:
"Long as earthborn pilgrims roaming,
"Long we sought thy second coming,
"Bring us, make us, ever nigh."

"Come ye saints, in faith grown hoary,
"Come, declare the King of glory,
"Welcome to your heavenly rest;
"Weep no more at sin's derision,
"Faith now ends in blissful vision,
"Rise and dwell among the blest."

Love and grace the saints now raising,
Pour in songs with angels praising,
To the great Redeemer's name;
Golden harps through ether sounding,

Swell the notes with grace abounding,
Songs of Moses and the lamb.

---

## POWER OF FAITH.

Thomas once doubting of Christ's resurrection,
Handling his wounds, said "My Lord and my God!"
Order'd his steps by his Master's direction,
Moved in the path which the Saviour had trod.

All doubt removed, he proclaim'd Christ's salvation,
Seeking far distant the Gospel to spread;
Finding some faithless in every nation,
Under their rage, faithful fell to the dead.

Let us, like Thomas, believe on the Saviour,
Love the blest day when he rose from the grave;
Each keep his sabbath with pious behaviour,
Rest,—honour Him who is mighty to save,

## THE AUTHOR'S FAREWELL TO HIS DAUGHTERS.

My daughters, long beloved, farewell!
From cruel mandates given,
We must in distant regions dwell,
Myself to exile driven!
Your slowly dying Father here,
No more your eyes can see!
Ah, who can tell if you so dear,
Will long remember me.

My thoughts recall some former years,
When love and hope were ours;
But mem'ry now melts me to tears,
And nature overpowers!
A home of love my heart could cheer,
But that can never be!
Ah, who can tell if you so dear,
Will long remember me.

I once have strove, till strength has fail'd,
Fine mansions to obtain,
Then friends forsook, and foes assail'd,
To bruise my broken brain!
If thus distraction might appear,
Retirement set me free!
Ah, who can tell if you so dear,
Will long remember me.

Mistaken friends, or cruel foes,
Can now disturb no more;
I find more peace, more calm repose,
Where winds and waters roar!
On yonder Beach I drop a tear,
Along the rolling sea:
Ah, who can tell if you so dear,
Will long remember me.

As winds that murmur o'er the wave,
Then soon unheard must cease;
So sighs expire in every grave,
In silent rest and peace!
Sweet peace! where friends no sounds can hear!
Nor moans like these to thee!
Ah, who can tell if you so dear,
Will long remember me.

O glorious hope of peace and rest!
To end these vain complaints!
The soul redeem'd among the blest,
May sing in heaven with saints:
With faith and love removing fear,
I die by heaven's decree:
Ah, who can tell if you so dear,
Will long remember me.

# MISCELLANEOUS.

## A Morning of Sorrow.

BY THE RIVER AND THE OCEAN AT EXETER FALLS. N. H.

The beams of morning deck the eastern skies,
The planets vanish with the shades of night;
Creation smiles to see her King arise,
The earth rejoices as she walks to light.

I wake and walk in solitary woe,
And westward turn my dim and joyless eye;
There memory points to comforts lost below,
The breezes hear and waft along the sigh.

Those village windows while I lonely stand,
Reflect the sunbeams on my mourning view;
Like mine as splendid in a distant land,
To whose loved joys I lately bid adieu.

The eye that views the splendours of the day,
Now drops a tear to mingle with a stream,
Whose silent waves returnless pass away,
Like promis'd hopes of life's delusive dream

That willow bending on the wave worn shore,
With me beholds those waters disappear,
Like joys, once mine, that will return no more,
That willow mourning drops a dew shed tear.

The moving waters down the steeps descend,
And at each footstep turn a busy mill;
Then meet the ocean as a chosen friend,
Each wave, while mingling, says to each
"be still."

Though summer heat should make that river dry,
The sea capricious have her ebbs and flows,
No deep resentment bids their friendship die,
They meet, and kissing, weep away their woes.

Though floods resistless force that river down,
Though seas by winds against that stream be driven,
Again they meet, without one fear or frown,
As saints may meet with pardoning love in heaven.

Here moral lessons float along the flood,
Which men may gather where they gently move,
And learn from nature what kind nature's God,
Ordain'd for kindness, constancy and love.

Here learn, false mortal, from the ocean's tide,
To prove as faithful as the briny deep!
But Oh, that heart has proved a house of pride,
Betrays—departs—and triumphs as I weep.

My heart exhausted with the world's poor strife,
Desires more constant oceans for a home,
Where milder storms may end a wretched life,
Give sweeter peace within a watery tomb.

Beyond those billows is a heavenly rest,
Where deep conflicting tempests never rise,
Where anguish ceases in the throbbing breast,
Where dwells and lives a love that never dies.

---

## THE STREAM OF TIME.

How sweet the stream of time appears,
Which glides along this vale of tears,
To waft away our woes!
Ah! like yon lovely frozen stream,
The current of life's pleasant dream,
Congeal'd by sorrow flows.

Delightful river! where I sing,
Thy face shall feel returning spring,

To set thy current free;
But ah! the frost of wintry age,
Which binds me with its icy rage,
Admits no spring for me.

On these loved banks, I once have seen,
All nature deck'd with summer's green,
'Midst warmth of kindred friends;
Though these are constant, some have fled;
Like snow, now o'er that river's bed,
As cold their kindness ends.

The trees that decorate the land,
Which on this river's margin stand,
Shall see a vernal bloom;
But, wither'd as I am, alas!
Must, hasten'd down time's current, pass,
And sink within the tomb.

Those rocky hills that few can climb,
No watery stream, nor stream of time,
Can their foundation move;
But Time's vast stream may soon convey,
Each kindred friend to heaven away,
Where flows eternal love.

While on Connecticut's fair bank,
Through age and grief I sit a blank,

And view the frozen flood;
Though sorrow drowns my earthly love,
My faith and hope are fix'd above,
Where dwells my Saviour GOD.

S. GRIDLEY.

---

## FISHERSFIELD ROAD.

WHILE travelling on to a brother's abode,
A brother's affection to wake;
I dwell on the value of Fishersfield road,
Along the old Sunapee Lake.

The hills rise and fall from Connecticut's stream,
Affording both pleasure and pain;
Faint emblem of life's poor bewildering dream,
In ways more delusive and vain.

With ease to the height of the country we climb,
And view Sugar River's sweet source;
Which rapidly flows like the flying of time,
And moves many mills in its course.

The traveller here may with pleasure descend,
Delighted by Merrimac's vales,
To Boston, where man makes the stranger his friend,
By mutual favours and sales.

Here fancy awakes to improvement of roads,
Already by government laid,
Where Merchants and Farmers may transport
their load,
And foster both friendship and trade.

From Newbury down the Connecticut's way,
To Jarvis's village I see,
The country her fruits on this road will convey,
To markets where commerce is free.

O commerce, how poor are thy profits to me!
On Exeter river I roam;
While trade is the life of the land and the sea,
Eternity's ocean's my home.

---

## MUTUAL LOVE.

Serene and delightful is love in return,
To lessen life's sorrows and cares;
Endearing affections our natures adorn,
Preserve us from follies and snares.

Here virtue reposes when beauty decays,
Entwines two fond hearts in sweet ties;
No change can diminish this joy of their days,
No griefs, till humanity dies.

God, so lov'd the world that He sent down his Son,
And laid down his life in first love!
Great love in return each should feel is begun,
Each seek for Christ's glory above.

---

### AMBITION OF ALEXANDER.

Mortals move by much ambition,
Alexander this display'd,
Ruled and gain'd the world's submission,
Truth proclaims he troubles made.
Having conquer'd kingdoms round him,
All his pow'r no King could quell;
But the King of terrors found him,
Under him at last he fell.
Rising once by power to glory,
Ruled the nations with a nod!
Each historian writes the story,
Loved to view himself a God.
Let ambition be life's duty,
Doing good will honour beauty,
As occasions may be given:
Virtue will not add to trouble,
Innocence gives pleasures double;
Souls are thus prepared for heaven.

## DOMESTIC JOY.

Sweet, sweet is domestic enjoyment with peace,
Ordain'd to diminish those griefs that increase,
Preserving, supporting, in mutual woe,
Heav'n thus half commences in mansions below.
Indulgence, forbearance and patience must join,
Affection with equal respect should combine:
Parental advice should authority prove,
Securing obedience with order and love.
A circle so form'd by the parent's fond care,
Religion may seek and its blessings may share;
Grace, kindness, politeness delightfully blend,
Each lives for a life that shall live without end:
New joys are prepared for the Christian on high,
There mingle long praises with love in the sky.

---

## VIRTUE AND NATURE, DUTY AND HAPPINESS.

Wisdom is the richest treasure,
Innocence a pearl more bright,
Love affords the highest pleasure,
Liberty more fix'd delight.

Industry is moral duty,
Art thus scatters blessings round;
Modesty enhances beauty,
Prudence is too rarely found.

Envy ne'er from heaven descended,
Rancour came not from the Lord,
Reason and religion blended,
Yield the soul a long reward.

---

## TROUBLE TEMPORAL AND JOY ETERNAL.

Care and trouble, toil and anguish,
Are the lot of mortals here:
Reason mourns when pow'r must languish,
Left to pine in sorrow's tear.

On a mist are joys suspended,
Soon the vain illusions fly;
Changes are with sorrow blended,
Oh how soon our comforts die!

When will life's distress be ended?
Let us strive to enter where
Endless rest and peace are blended,
Sorrow never enters there.

---

## THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER.

Happy those whose fond affections,
Are enjoy'd in sweetest peace!
Thus the charm of all connexions,
All delights of life increase.

Love, when pure, refines the spirits,
When it meets a kind return;
Each so blest rich joy inherits,
While this lamp of life shall burn.

Once I shared this sweet enjoyment,
Then this rainbow of my soul,
Promis'd peace through life's employment,
Which I thought none would control.

But parental power like thunder,
When it rides upon the storm,
Broke these silken ties asunder,
Fine and firm as threads we form.

Power produced a separation,
By authority o'er youth!
Where is now my consolation,
While I write the mournful truth?

Hope so comforting to others,
Brings but little joy to me,
While stern Fathers, cruel mothers,
Neither feel, nor hear, nor see.

Must I wander round creation,
Far from worth so half divine?
Power of all our mighty nation,
Cannot conquer love like mine.

Time may yet perhaps diminish,
Woe of heart which I endure;
Death alone at last can finish,
What admits no other cure.

Yet should Parents feel repentance,
Yet be gracious like their Lord,
Yet reverse their cruel sentence,
God might give them great reward.

Could our hearts now all uniting,
Act as we would be forgiven,
Then each soul in love delighting,
Might foretaste the joys of heaven.

---

## STATE OF VERMONT.

Such laws as Vermont's to divide married mates,
Time never wrote down in the book of the fates!
Above laws of Moses,—with wisdom more fraught,
They look like herself when America fought:
Engaged in two warfares, one half a good cause,
One half against friends, like her late divorce laws,
Fights York-State, and Indians, and Briton's our foes,

Vermont waits,—joins issue when war finds a close.
Encouraged by joining the federal band,
Resumes a half warfare with sons of her land,
Makes laws half dividing a husband and wife,
Of property makes a division for life:
New laws of half covenant there are now given,
That rise like her mountains not half high to heaven.

---

## TRUTH, LAW AND JUSTICE.

On Justice and Truth rest the peace of mankind,
Wise mortals make these the first rules for the mind,
By want of these rules which should rule every heart,
Peace, safety and rest, have been made to depart.
Each terror of law which the guilty so fear,
Arise from this want, this deficiency here.
Best safety for innocence is the just law,
Oppression and falsehood thus stand in some awe,
Divine is the law that from Sinai was given,
Ye mortals, this law, truth, and grace, lead to heaven.

## THE DYING YEAR, AND DYING MAN.

Written while sitting upon a sick bed, Dec. 31, 1825.

Welcome passing years;
When ye saw my tears,
Ye could them convey,
Like my joys away.

Welcome as ye roll;
When my mourning soul,
Recollects thy flight,
Feels some past delight.

Welcome once, more blest;
When Amanda's breast,
Lovely in her charms,
Met me in my arms.

Welcome such return;
When I lonely mourn,
Thoughts of other years,
Still reprove my tears.

Welcome once we met;
When remembrance yet,
Dwells on mutual love,
Reason sighs reprove.

Welcome are my dreams;
When Amanda seems,
Kind as she was fair,
Purity was there.

Welcome years now gone;
When my comforts drawn,
From so sweet a friend;
Since with years they end.

Welcome thought that she;
When by grace so free,
May with saints forgiven,
Praise the Lord in heaven.

Welcome wasting time;
When in every clime,
Thou hast long removed,
Friends like mine beloved.

Welcome wasted health;
When my frame and wealth,
Which I once enjoy'd,
Time has so destroy'd.

Welcome now is rest;
When with this so blest,
When my strength is gone,
Time moves sweetly on.

Welcome now is sleep;
When I cease to weep,
Nature's sleep requires,
Neither food nor fires.

Welcome friendly death;
When my sighing breath,
Shall be heard no more,
I may God adore.

Welcome glorious grace;
When to save our race,
Christ left courts above,
Came and died with love.

Welcome heavenly thought;
When by Jesus brought,
I shall yet be blest,
Where the weary rest.

Welcome hope and faith;
When the Saviour saith,
Heavy laden come,
Find in me a home.

Welcome Sabbath day;
When its morning ray,
Smiles, some friends will cheer,
Wish a happy year.

Welcome holy truth;
When our lovely youth,
Love its precepts more,
Joy may bless our shore.

Welcome year to come;
When some find a tomb,
They will most rejoice,
Who loved wisdom's voice.

Welcome happy hours;
When God's love is ours,
Death has lost it sting,
Souls salvation sing.

Welcome love divine;
When this peace is mine,
Faith dispels my fears,
Pleasant death appears.

Welcome be that day;
When so call'd away,
Sorrow then shall cease,
Christ can give me peace.

Welcome, O sweet morn;
When the saints newborn,
Shall from death arise,
Glorious to the skies.

Welcome, welcome most;
When the angel host,
With our Lord shall come,
Triumph o'er the tomb.

---

### BLOOM OF YOUTH.

See nature rejöices for Spring,
Each field smiles with Summer's gay bloom
Till nature through Autumn shall bring,
Her Winter that seals up her doom.
More blooming than Spring on the field,
Our youth in life's Summer appear;
Rich fruit they in Autumn should yield,
Graves end us, as Winter the year.
As blossoms on fields fruit for owners afford,
No youth should be fruitless in life for the Lord.

---

### VERSION OF THE 88*th* PSALM.

O Lord God of my salvation,
Daily have I cried to Thee:
Nightly when in tribulation,
Sought thy power to set me free.
While my joys depart as bubbles,
I implore thy pow'r to save;

For my soul is full of troubles,
And my life draws near the grave.

I am counted with the dying,
As a man that hath no strength:
Free among the dead am lying,
Cut off from thy hand at length,

Thou hast laid me with the lowest,
In the darkness in the deeps:
But the love which thou bestowest,
Comforts me while nature weeps.

Shall the dead arise and praise Thee?
Are thy wonders with the dead?
Shall the grave to glory raise Thee?
Or thy faithfulness now spread?

Shall the darkness show thy wonders?
And forgetfulness thy name?
Shall death praise while friends he sunders?
Shall destruction love proclaim?

Now thy wrath like mighty waters,
Overflows me with its waves!
Friends and kindred, sons and daughters,
Mingle in their gloomy graves.

So my friends my kindred perish!
Darkly my acquaintance sleep!

Love will long their mem'ry cherish,
While I ponder, still I weep.

Lord why cast me off forever?
Hide thy face from day to day?
Still I seek thy face and favour,
In the morning I will pray.

While I suffer by thy terrors,
Am distracted by my fears;
Thy fierce wrath for former errors,
Cuts me off with many tears.

While I sink in waves of sorrow,
Deep and dark as mighty streams,
Hope presents more joy to-morrow,
Pleasant as the morning beams.

God of mercy, thy salvation,
Sheds new light on nature's gloom;
Grace affords sweet consolation,
Scatters roses round the tomb.

---

## THE CHARMS OF MAY.

The flight of old time with his wing,
Has brush'd dreary winter away;

The songsters sweet melody sing,
Creation rejoices for May.

The forests forsaking their gloom,
The youth of their foliage display,
Mild Flora now dresses in bloom,
And breathes her best sweetness in May.

The earth is in modesty seen,
To blush at the glances of day,
Her robe is a mantle of green,
Her fashion forever in May.

Bright Sol now imparts as he comes,
New sweetness to Luna's mild ray;
While lovers abandon their homes,
For walks more inviting in May.

The fragrance that floats in the air,
From fields we in rapture survey,
Unequals the smile of the fair,
Who charms like the blossom of May.

But reason now utters a voice,
I fain would her mandates obey,
"Though youth bids you love and rejoice,
"Those pleasures are transient as May.

"Though life has a Spring with its joys,
"Its Summer as splendid and gay,

"Those beauties its Autumn destroys
"Its Winter is death to its May.

Ye youth, seek a mansion above,
Where beauty can never decay,
Where flows ineffable love,
Forever delightful as May.

---

## UNIVERSAL LAW.

*All hope to rise when others fall.*

When Jupiter summon'd the Gods in debate,
For rules which mankind would obey,
'Twas order'd that all men their neighbours should hate,
And feel themselves better than they.

Proud Pluto, commission'd the business began,
By Devils the rule to convey;
Each Devil believed he all Devils outran,
And thought himself wiser than they.

The sons of the earth, now beholding the strife,
Resolved the same vice to display,
Traduced all in honour, each husband and wife,
Each saw himself wiser than they.

Old Slander, Field Marshal of every tongue,
Stood forth in his battle array:

He broke the front ranks of the old and the young,
And triumph'd, as better than they.

The groans of the wounded pour in like a flood,
He loves more to torture than slay;
His troops, like his foes, are not honour'd as good,
But wiser and better than they.

Fame blew her shrill trumpet around the mad world,
That slander bore honours away:
Then malice and envy their ensigns unfurl'd,
At war with all better than they.

The artful have ev'ry where ambushes laid,
All happily waiting for prey:
No dwelling is safe but the house of the dead,
The buried are better than they.

All mortals are watchmen, enlisted for life,
Well paid when the best go astray;
Their honours, their joys, their rewards for the strife,
Are these, none are better than they.

## ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

Hail Melancholy!—friend of friendless souls!
Old sad companion of my early years:
Thy friendly visits sympathy controuls,
Affording comfort even amidst my tears.

When night and solitude their gloom have spread
When awful thunders roll along the storm,
Thou, long time past, sole partner of my bed,
Hast been the nurse of this slow failing form.

O nurse of wisdom! constant still in love!
More kind and changeless than some friends once known,
Thy calm attendance through life's changes prove,
Thou art my best companion when alone.

O Melancholy! faithful to thy friends!
Thy steady look bids thoughts of folly fly!
By thee instructed, love with wisdom blends,
With cheering hope of love that lives on high

But should thou, leave me, lovely friend in haste.
I might forget the words of sober truth,
Forget that nature lies a moral waste,
Forget instruction due to dying youth.

Yes, as a Poet, I might men deceive,
Pretend to see what is not to be seen,
Paint phantoms where some giddy heads conceive,
Each boy a King, and every girl a Queen.

Like some, I might from lofty Andes leap,
On flow'rs and garlands, wreaths by fancy twirl'd,
Through mists and clouds descend "the vasty deep,"
And make an "airy nothing" of the world.

On nothing soaring, things are out of sight,
Enraptur'd—in imagination lost;
A battle breaks the beams of morning light,
Defeat thus binds all nature down with frost.

Thus giddy writers lead the world away,
Forgetting Goldsmith, Dryden, Watts, and Pope!
Forgetting thoughts of everlasting day,
Love empty names, and lose the christian's hope.

Then, Melancholy! be thou still my friend!
And lead me still to love the great I AM;
Thus truth shall lead to joys without an end,
To sing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

## LIBERTY AND CAPTIVITY.

THE EXPIRING SIGHS OF AMHERST BANK BILLS.

*Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still slavery, still thou art a bitter draught, and though thousands are made to partake of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.*—STERNE.

Oh, Liberty, sweet is the sound,
That echoes from Georgia to Maine!
Thy love has America found,
Her children rejoice in thy reign!

Fell tyranny flees from thy sway,
Thy pity extends o'er the waves;
Thy powers thy Decaturs display,
And ransom the Algerine slaves.

Oh, when shall a glance of thine eye,
To us, wretched captives, extend?
Condemn'd in a dungeon to lie,
Without the sweet smile of a friend!

The Sun from his chambers of rest,
Dispels the sad gloom of the night
Rejoices in strength to the west,
But yields us no beams of his ligh

Long trusting in promises vain,
A thousand in darkness must gr

We never before would complain,
Still suffering as pris'ners of hope.

Our keeper, unpaid for expense,
Deplores our captivity here:
Spectators, affected by sense,
Afford us, in pity, a tear.

We once could in honour and ease,
Attend the career of the great;
Our worth could all company please,
Our fathers directed the State.

But now, without relative care,
We wait, and in solitude mourn!
\h, left, as the false leave the fair,
Who promise, but never return.

r Holmes has betray'd with a kiss,
e feel his caresses no more!
could he deprive us of bliss,
l leave us our faith to deplore!

ty, turn here thine eye!
ok can release us from ills!
ve in Exeter die,
iles of Hillsborough—bills?

Ye sages who govern our land,
Ye Judges of Justice and laws,
Extend a benevolent hand,
New-hampshire will smile with applause.

O'er Freedom's tempestuous sea,
We'll ring Speculation's sad knell,
Till Justice bids captives go free,
And Liberty shouts for our BELL.

---

ODE. FOR JULY 4, 1822.

ALL hail, to the land where our ancestors dwelt,
Two centuries witness their toil;
We feel for the sorrows they suffer'd and felt,
Their blood has once crimson'd our soil.

When savages fled, and our coast was a field,
The worst of affliction arose;
Their kindred claim'd rights which they never would yield,
Made Britons become their worst foes.

Resolv'd to resist their proud insolent power,
Like rocks in the ocean they stood;
Maintaining their rights in that desolate hour,
They paid for our peace with their blood.

330198B

The vanquish'd acknowledged the rights of our sires,
Who stood like brave Spartans in fight:
Our blest Independence each nation admires,
Where Liberty scatters her light.

This blessing, as ours, we will ever defend,
These rights to our children convey,
While time marches on, till his travel shall end,
Will flags of our freedom display.

Ye heralds of liberty, join the glad song;
To all men our blessings convey;
Ye winds, and ye waves, roll the tidings along,
"A nation was born in a day."

This day we will honour, and gratefully love,
Till time shall with us be no more,
Till angels convey our free spirits above,
Where saints their Redeemer adore.

---

## THE MARINER'S ADIEU.

Adieu to the land where I once had repose!
Adieu to its pleasures, adieu to its woes!
The beauty that leaves me I cannot pursue:
O Mary in anguish,
O Mary to languish.

You left me in sickness! I bid you adieu!
I never shall bid you good morning again,
To meet the kind smile that once soften'd my pain.

The tear that now falls in the night swelling wave,
Precedes the sad heart that will find it a grave,
Sad heart, that still feels what it felt and has seen;
My vallies, my mountains,
My mansions, my fountains,
Remember'd and left, with my sweet village green:
The beauty that left me, I cannot pursue,
My fair one, my country, forever adieu.

---

## PATRIOTISM.

*The traveller's reflections on the road from Marblehead to Exeter——Sept, 24, 1822.*

Old Marblehead's shore I have lately survey'd,
Her rocks, and luxuriant soil,
Her fortress, her fisheries, harbour, and trade,
Her sons, famed for bravery and toil.

The soul while expanded by objects around,
Enaptur'd here stops to admire,

Where Freedom her bravest defenders has found,
Where blazed the pure patriot's fire.

Here Gerry was born, the Republican's pride,
The soul of the patriot band,
That twice proud Brittannia's forces defied,
And felt Dartmore prison's hard hand.

Here Liberty smiles where she prompted her son,
To punish her merciless foe:
Here Washington walk'd where are mounted her gun,
Since view'd and approved by Monroe.

Till marble dissolves, and till rocks melt away,
Here Liberty's children will stand;
Their long loved republican banners display,
Defending her last chosen land.

America mourns for the Marblehead brave,
Whose hundreds have sunk in the deep;
Whose glories are told by the blue rolling wave,
Whose murmur's tell orphans to weep.

The hundreds of widows that bravery has made,
Still sigh at the sound of the surge!
Those waters that wail where their husbands are laid,
The rocks echo moans to their dirge.

But while with the waves, widow'd mourners repine,
And swell the sad breeze as they mourn;
Their tide rising grief is unequal to mine,
For joys that will never return.

How vain, mourning mortals, these sighs and these tears,
For losses in friendship and love!
Eternity's ocean before us appears,
Where peace dwells with glory above.

Religion celestial here holds her mild reign,
Here virtue and piety blend,
Here faith is as firm as the rocks round the main,
Pure love, as the sea without end.

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## THE GLOOM OF AUTUMN.

*An Emblem of Old age.*

Hail ye sighing sons of sorrow;
View with me th' autumnal gloom:
Learn from thence your fate to-morrow,
Dead perhaps—laid in the tomb.
See all nature fading—dying;

Silent all things seem to mourn;
Life from vegetation flying,
Brings to mind the mould'ring urn.

Oft the autumn's tempest rising,
Makes the lofty forest nod.
Scenes of nature—how surprising!
Read in nature, nature's God!
See our sovereign sole Creator,
Lives eternal in the sky,
While we mortals yield to nature,
Bloom awhile—then fade and die.

Nations die by dread Bellona,*
Through enraged tyrannic Kings;
Just as plants by pale Pomona,†
Fall, to rise in future springs.
Mournful scene when vegetation,
Dies by frost, or worms devour!
Doubly mournful when a nation,
Dies by neighb'ring nation's power!

Death, like war my mind depresses,
Autumn shows me my decay,
Calls to mind my past distresses,
Warns me of my dying day.
Autumn gives me melancholy,
Strikes dejection thro' my soul,

*The Goddess of War.
†The Goddess of Autumn.

While I mourn my former folly,
Waves of sorrow o'er me roll.

Lo! I hear the air resounding,
With expiring insect's cries!
Oh! their moans to me are wounding,
Emblem of my aged sighs.
Hollow winds about are roaring,
Noisy waters round me rise,
While I sit my fate deploring,
Tears fast streaming from my eyes!

What to me are Autumn's treasures,
Since I know no earthly joy?
Long I've lost all youthful pleasures,
Time must youth and health destroy.
Pleasures once I fondly courted,
Shar'd each bliss that youth bestows;
But to see how then I sported,
Now embitters all my woes.

Age and sorrow since have blasted,
Every youthful pleasing dream!
Quiv'ring age with youth contrasted,
Oh! how short our glories seem!
As the annual frosts are cropping
Leaves and tendrils from the trees;
So my friends are yearly dropping,
Through old age, or dire disease.

Former friends—O how I've sought them,
Just to cheer my drooping mind;
But they are gone—like leaves in autumn,
Driv'n before the dreary wind.
When a few more years are wasted,
When a few more springs are o'er;
When a few more griefs I've tasted,
I shall fall to bloom no more.

Fast my sun of life declining,
Soon will set in endless night:
But my hopes pure and refining,
Rest in FUTURE LIFE AND LIGHT.
Cease this fearing—trembling—sighing;—
Death will break this sullen gloom;
Soon my spirit, fluttering,—flying,
MUST BE BORNE BEYOND THE TOMB.

S. GRIDLEY.

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## FEASTS OF THE LIVING ARE FAULTS OF THE DYING.

THE faults of others give a feast,
My own, I feel, are not the least,
On which the living, feasts may find:
Man's noblest work is doing good;
But ah, his sweet his daily food,
Is gather'd faults of all mankind.

Thus man walkson, and thus he lives,
Aspires to gain—but little gives,
His selfish joys embrace the whole:
Each failing fault, he cannot feel,
To fashion's power his senses kneel,
And selfish gain enslaves his soul.

Forgetful of the Saviour's grace,
Forgets the grave is still the place,
Where all the living soon will rest:
His feast is still the faults of all,
Unmindful that himself must fall,
And like the falling be unblest.

Unlike our Lord the Son of God,
Few tread the steps the Saviour trod,
Who went about in doing good:
New laws of love his lips could teach
The poor could hear their Saviour preach,
Whose wond'rous pow'r made wine and food.

Behold, how few who read the word,
Have ears to hear, obey their Lord,
On earth for Christ and glory live!
Yet those that know the way is strait
And strive to find heav'ns narrow gate,
Will others bless, and faults forgive.

O Charity, how sweet thy beams,
That come from God, like living streams,
Refreshing to my fainting heart!
When thou shall fail, my failing frame,
Must sink to dust, from whence it came,
My spirit must to God depart.

---

## NUPTIAL HYMN.

Blest Marriage! first of God ordain'd,
Its institution is divine!
The Saviour proved the bliss remain'd,
By turning water into wine.

Pure nuptial joy first blest the pair,
That graced the garden ere the fall:
'Tis Eden still—implanted there,
A Paradise design'd for all.

Our God is love, and love on earth,
Is God's great law to mortals given;
A virtue of celestial birth,
The crown of endless life in heav'n.

By nature's laws, when friendly hearts,
Unite to form the nuptial band,
The hour to friends sweet joy imparts,
The noblest joy of every land.

Let none divide what God has join'd,
Let constant love each mortal sway;
So love shall be at last refined,
In scenes of everlasting day.

May God who first the blessing gave,
Give this fond pair unchanging love,
From devious ways and errors save,
And fit their souls for joys above.

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## CHRISTMAS TASK, 1823.

*Time and truth are terrible to mortals.*
*Time removes us; eternal Truth must judge us.*

Alteration of stanzas in Robert B. Thomas's Almanack

JANUARY wakes the year,
Time's swift march all nature dreads;
Summer's beauties cease to cheer,
Trees in sorrow hang their heads.

February's snows descend,
Mountains like, obstruct our way;
Should they Delia's cheeks offend,
Soon in tears they melt away.

March, a smiling aspect wears,
Spring, with joy, begins to dawn;

Dissipates dull winter's cares,
Makes more pleasant mead and lawn.

April smiles in cheerful green,
Youthful buds adorn his face;
*Taurus* in one hand is seen,
*Violets* the other grace.

May, in lovely bloom unfolds,
Fragrance of the sweetest kind;
While those charms the eye beholds,
Grateful raptures fill the mind.

June all smiling now appears,
Nature's perfect bloom is seen,
Every shooting blossom cheers,
Clad in robes of white and green.

Hot *July* now bids the swain,
Midst the sunbeams make his hay;
Save the treasure from the rain,
While the summer hastes away.

August pours his fervid beams,
When the cloudless sky appears;
As the showers refresh the streams,
Smiles may often follow tears.

Cool September comes to hide
Charms that cheer'd the rural scene;
Nature yields her wanton pride,
Puts on robes of paler green.

Rich October's opening store,
Bend each branch beneath the crop:
Youth with wishful eyes explore,
Fruit supported by a prop.

Sad November tells the year,
That her smiling scenes are fled:
Hills a darker colour were,
Faded green o'erspreads the mead.

Cold December's wintry blast,
Spreads his horrors o'er the lawn:
Emblem of our comforts past,
Gone—like time—forever gone.

---

## FAME AND BUSINESS.

Fame and business gave a rival,
Envy rais'd up many foes,
Scandal shew'd a strange revival,
When my rival's interest rose.

He invented every story
Secret malice could suggest

Call'd me fool, or knave or tory,
As might suit his interest best.

Thus my flattering prospects vanish'd,
Thus expir'd my peace of life;
Thus were friends and business banish'd
By the sons of noise and strife.

Patience soon will tire relating,
Malice triumph'd unreturn'd,
Truth distress'd sat silent waiting,
Friendship pitied as I mourn'd.

Party lies while unconfuted,
Hold dominion o'er the mind,
Cunning liars unconfuted,
Favour and protection find.

---

## THE SPLENDID HERMIT.

Adieu ye visions of my youthful mind,
Ye flit away like leaves along the wind,
Till sorrow gathers like dark autumn's frost,
And chills my heart, for life's lov'd joys are lost.

How sweet the memory of those happy days,
When youth's gay morning shone upon my ways!

When love and friendship made my heart their
home,
When peace and joy adorn'd my humble dome.

But pride and pleasure spoke, this mansion rose,
Complete in form: replete with many woes;
Here grandeur smil'd, when all was neatly
done,
My strength had fail'd me, and my health was
gone.

The lov'd companion of my early life,
Adorn'd with excellence, a tender wife,
Now seem'd forgetful of her love to me,
When shipwreck'd on misfortune's troubled sea.

While fainting struggling with conflicting waves,
And wishing hoping, for the hand that saves,
I saw that hand inlock'd with other arms,
And fondly giv'n to those that love her charms.

Distraction rose while shivering on the shore,
And vainly seeking for warmth like love be-
fore;
Ah, love divided, is but love in vain,
And bids the coldest disaffection reign.

Like gales of ocean, heave the troubled sighs,
When love divided meets the lovers eyes,

This, souls of sensibility must feel,
And find a wound that nature cannot heal.

This wound is mine, and reason cannot prove,
That I have seen no undivided love,
And arguments from friendship to the mind,
Must pass unheeded as the idle wind.

My wife was happy with the young and gay,
I banish'd them, with them she fled away!
With them she visits, or with them she lives,
To share the joy that mutual pleasure gives.

My Daughters too, the lovliest in our land,
Who never felt a father's chastening hand,
Long distant from a mother's bosom dwelt,
And witness'd sorrows which a father felt.

My bosom friend is lovely to the youth,
They love her much, she loves them more
than truth;
I call in vain for her desir'd return,
She leaves me still in solitude to mourn!

No other living being here has breath,
Here silence reigns as in the house of death,
Thus in a splendid hermitage I sleep,
Where none can hear me sigh, nor see me
weep.

Farewell to friends, and friendship's purest joys,
When love misplaced, connubial love destroys!
This mournful thought, my mourning spirit grieves,
And leaves me like a tree, when stripp'd of leaves.

In youth with kindest looks that love affords,
She gave a Breast-pin with these kinder words,
"We live in hope," this seal'd the lover's vow;
*We* die in grief, must be our motto now!

---

## ACADEMIC EXERCISE.

Invocation to Spring, By L**** C*****, of Castleton Academy lately a resident on Connecticut river, in Wethersfield, Vermont.

Oh, renovating Spring return,
And let the fields no longer mourn;
Return with gentle morning dews,
Employ the Peasant,—wake the muse.

Return with all thy cheering rays,
And bid the famish'd cattle graze;
Let nature see her annual morn,
And flowers each hill and vale adorn.

Let plumy songsters greet my ear,
Let verdant landscapes reappear,
Let nature's foliage clothe the trees,
And balmy fragrance fill the breeze.

Come sooth my soul with thy sweet beam,
As once when on that pleasant stream,
Where blest, I view'd its gentle foam,
Meandering to the sea its home.

There, as its current roll'd along,
My heart rejoiced in friendship's song,
There, sported in the vernal dawn,
With transports now forever gone.

Ye children of experience tell,
Will no fix'd joys with mortals dwell?
Must all our pleasures pass away,
Like bubbles which those waves display?

Alas, my former joys are fled,
Like waters o'er that river's bed,
Along whose banks friends meet to sing,
And hail the sweet returning spring.

Ye youth the Spring will soon be past,
See Summer following onward fast,
Soon Autumn spreads her sullen gloom.
And Winter speaks all nature's doom.

Lo, wisdom cries, "Life's Spring improve,
"Let Summer's fruits be sacred love,
"Let Autumn's stores be songs of praise,
"Till heaven succeeds life's Wint'ry days."

---

## WASHINGTON'S BIRTH DAY.

An ODE, for Feb. 22d, 1825. 93 years after his birth.

Behold a new Era commences on earth!
A light from on high on America beams!
A radiance arose on our Washington's birth
That now spreads along South America's streams:
Thus Liberty's light waked at Washington's birth,
May soon, like Aurora encircle the earth.

Ten thousands of Heroes with glory inspired,
Now rise—their mild glory with Washington's blend!
They triumph'd with him or in glory expired,
Blest Liberty's country resolved to defend:
Thus Washington's birth has a nation inspired,
Whose eye beams with peace that with glory was fired.

Our blest Independence now firm as the world,
Great Washington's children with firmness defend:

Till Tyranny's power from opposition is hurl'd,
Till Kings shall no realms by injustice extend:
Great Washington's birth-day around the vast
world,
All lands will observe where our flags are
unfurl'd.

Heav'ns first law of order was law through his
life,
Disorders of warfare his valour bid cease:
In order he acted through war's horrid strife,
He died in his country in order and peace:
Let youth, then in order, thus regulate life,
Like Washington shun all disorderly strife

A voice as from heaven came to call La Fayette,
Who cros'd the Atlantic as Washington's son:
A nation now pays off her national debt
In honour of days when such greatness begun:
See mem'ry half melt down the great La Fay-
ette;
Where Washington's Sun of existence has set.

Great Washington's soul like our rivers that
flow,
Grew greater and deeper in course to the end!
His slaves he released from their false fancied
woe,
In life. and in death, he was Liberty's friend!

Through grace, felt no fear of a dread future
woe,
But peacefully left loved possession below.

Hark, hark, a still voice seems to come from
the tomb,
"Remember your Washington's farewell address!
"So Liberty's tree here forever may bloom,
"And firm Independence America bless:
"Go gather instruction from Washington's,
tomb,
"Where laurels of freedom forever will bloom!

See thousands of Heroes ascended on high,
Whose bodies repose on the land of their love,
Look down with a steady benevolent eye,
Bid Washington's children his counsels improve;
Great Washington's spirit ascended on high,
With wisdom immortal still speaks from the sky.

"On national objects let virtue preside,
"Best rules for all Statesmen the Gospel has
given;
"On questions of interest let Justice decide,
"For Righteousness call down the blessings of
heaven:
"In treaties with all let good faith be your
guide,
A people thus wise may in glory abide.

## AN ACROSTIC FOR A LITTLE MISS 7 YEARS OLD.

Little Laura ever gay,
Always cheerful thro' the day,
Used to please me heretofore,
Rather by the smiles she wore.

Ah, but now what's done by few,
She has brought a present too,
Ever I the gift shall prize,
Yea for that my thanks arise.

Much I wish her parents blest,
On them long may fortune rest,
Upon Laura's lovely name,
Rest this gift and generous fame.

---

## THE SCHOLAR COMMENDED.

How Lovely the Lad that will learn,
Each lesson his Master design'd,
Ne'er leaves it with cold unconcern.
But is always improving his mind.

Such a youth is entitled to praise,
For all Men his learning admire,
In youth he has glorious days,
And in age he may calmly retire.

## ELEGIAC STANZAS.

*On the death of an only child.*

Lo, Autumn with a sullen gloom,
O'er nature's face is spread!
And trembling mourns the Summer's bloom,
Which has so lately fled.

Sad emblem of my joyless mind!
With Wint'ry glooms o'ercast!
Which, like the sigh that fills the wind,
Bewails the seasons past.

Bright as the Summer's morning ray,
Fair Ruby's blush I've seen;
I lately mark'd her artless play,
Along the lightsome green.

Mild as the Spring young Hannah smiled,
And sought a mother's kiss;
That kiss a mother's care beguiled,
When solitude was bliss.

I saw them sink in death's cold sleep,
And all their actions o'er,—
I wept to see their parents weep,
O'er children now no more.

Ah! while I pour'd the friendly tear,
This mournful scene to view;
Death drop'd his dread commission here,
And seized my CULLEN too.

Oh, loved—lost son! when shall I see
One cheerful day return?
Where find a pleasant child like thee,
And thus forget to mourn!

Thy steps once cheer'd me in my gate,
Thy smiles adorn'd my door;
With mutual transports there we met,—
Fond transports—mine no more!

Thy lonely mother sits and weeps,
And dwells on all thy charms;
She sighs and seeks thee while she sleeps,
To clasp thee in her arms!

Her grief-worn fancy views thee yet
Oft times her living son
She looks—she sees thy vacant seat
And cries "Alas! he's gone!"

Late thy lov'd voice attuned the air,
"Where's Papa?" was the sound;
But now no accents whisper there!
No child of ours is found!

Ye pitying friends, Alas, how vain
  Does your condolence prove!
It serves to wake our grief again,
  But wakes no son we love.

By night's sad gloom we now survey,
  His mansion in the ground,
When moon-beams shed a mournful ray
  And silence dwells around.

Dark as the grave where he must rest,
  Our minds are dark with grief,
Cold as the tomb our hearts distress'd
  Thus speak, and wish relief:

"And must this darkness veil the soul?
  "These hearts so cold remain?
"These weeping eyes in sadness roll,
  "And life consume in pain?

"Ah, no—a radiant light appears,
  "To dissipate the gloom;
"The Gospel bids us dry these tears,
  "And look beyond the tomb.

"There He who once in anguish bled,
  "And died for dying men,
"Now sits with power to raise the dead,
  "He'll raise our child again.

Almighty GOD, impart thy grace,
To heal our wounded hearts,
Let love of sin possess no place
In us, till life departs.

So shall our murmuring sorrow's cease,
When life's delights must flee:
"There's joy in grief" where dwells the peace,
That flows from love to thee.

The just by grace their friends shall meet,
Where transport never dies;
Where Jesus makes our joys complete,
And love outlives the skies.

---

## GREEN MOUNTAINS.

These rocks and these mountains shall witness my woe,
And yield me an ever-green bed:
Their summits of endless duration will show,
By whom their foundations were laid.

O Power Eternal! O source of the wind!
Great source of all objects I see!
O grant me a calm resignation of mind,
And fix my affections on Thee.

I thus with content will in solitude stay,
Till time my devotion shall prove;
Till Angels shall carry my spirit away,
To scenes of unchangeable love.

---

## GREAT FOES AND FALSE FRIENDS.

Ye Heroes, renown'd as America's name,
Whose virtues may vie with antiquity's fame;
Ye warriors for rights which all nations have seen,
Great Washington, Warren, Gates, Morgan and Green,
Whose sun of existence forever is set,
Yet sheds its sweet beams on your loved La Fayette;
Your great good examples more wisdom inspire,
Than all the "nine Muses" that wake the soft lyre;
Apollo appears as one vanquished and fled,
Compared with the deeds of Columbia's dead!

Ye spirits departed, instruct me to know,
The cold selfish friend, the perfidious foe.
Distinction in these is more useful to learn,
Than famous Minerva could teach or discern,
This knowledge, blest spirits, O kindly impart,
Old age shall proclaim it to earth and depart

Ye sons of our Navy, whose glory awakes,
And gleams on the waves of America's Lakes,
Ye spirits whose relics in honour may sleep,
While Neptune's vast trident shall rule the great deep,
Ye Perrys, Decaturs, ye Lawrences all,
Invoking assistance, for wisdom I call.

Blest spirits, united, intelligence lend,
To blazon the arts of a pitiless friend,
But firstly instruct striving mortals below,
What duties are due to a powerless foe.

A voice like an Angel's descends from above,
Displaying distinctions in warfare and love,
"In war's awful storm Vulcan's thunders may roar,
"On foes, man may nature's artillery pour,
"Till violence calms mad aggressors again,
"That honour and truth, peace and justice may reign.
"Still mercy and pity and virtue should blend,
"Till man's mortal foe shall become his best friend.
"All should, like great Caesar, and Washington join,
"Seek justice with mercy for glory divine.

"But enemy's laws give no maxims for friends,
"Coercion in friendship, its death-warrant sends:
"In warfare, the weak from the stronger retire,
"But friendship, by force, with its wounds must expire."

O Friendship! O Love! sacred virtues, by thee,
Great souls hide in silence the frailties they see:
The great and the good in all fortunes and fates,
Defend the weak parts like the United States.
Pure friendship, proves greatness, proves every friend,
Pure love like a circle exists without end.

Ye spirits of Heroes whose aid I invoke,
Who rose for your country when Liberty spoke,
Your strength was for weakness with foes on our shore,
Your fame shall resound till old time is no more.

Alas! for I blush and I mourn as I write,
That some in their strength against weakness unite,
That wealth should on poverty's feelings encroach,
And add to misfortunes new stings of reproach.

Oppress the oppress'd worn with sorrow and care,
And sink age and weakness to depths of despair!

Is friendship, when faithless, deserving the name?
Shall perfidy vie with integrity's fame?
So Sampson from strength fell to weakness forlorn,
Was lull'd by false love, by Delilah was shorn!
So Sisera fled, and with confidence went
To Jael, who slew him asleep in her tent.

The false hearted only will injure a friend,
By publishing faults, which more evils extend.
In circles where vice is forever the theme,
Fine taste, sense, and honour, depart like a dream.

In dwellings where prudence detraction restrains,
No love of abuse nor malevolence reigns.
When praises of virtue a youth fondly hears,
Ambition awakes,—love of vice disappears.
When vices of others give tongues their employ,
A family may their home virtues destroy:
For vice, grown familiar, debases the mind,

Till dignity falls from ideas refined;
Slight mention of ways that to infamy lead,
Is all that the pure and the delicate need:
Thus innocence, cherish'd by praising the good,
Loves virtue that flourish'd where Paradise stood.

Ah, when will society influence youth,
To guide themselves only by prudence and truth?
Instruct them to be by benevolence led,
Be silent on faults of the living and dead?

Can friendship exist where base selfishness reigns?
Can he be a friend who feels triumph in pains?
Can love find a home where the strong crush the weak?
Can those be call'd friends who for faults only seek?
Such friends would make Sampson or Hercules blush,
For cowardice only the fallen will crush.

Radamanthus, like cowards, takes those in his power,
And tortures with joy in adversity's hour,
Rejoices, and triumphs in torments and woes,
Relieving his own, for no comfort he knows.

Thus mortals, as selfish, at times, to a friend,
Make Pluto's enjoyments to mortals extend,
Make slander, Cerberus, to bark in the path,
That plunges the victim to malice and wrath.
Thus pride finds its triumph—thus frailty its doom,
Till time puts an end to the strife in the tomb.

Ah, where shall the child of adversity find,
A solace to cheer his disconsolate mind?
Can Jupiter Ammon some deity send,
Restrain the mad foe, or reclaim the false friend?
Can sons of Apollo with healing appear,
To bind up a wound, or to dry up a tear?
Can Hercules conquer with labours these pains,
And bind them to peace like Cerberus with chains?
Can Orpheus's music, or Amphion's, tame
These wild savage passions, these murd'rers of fame?
Ah, mortals by passions their courses will run,
Ambitious as Phaeton guiding the sun,
With chariots misguided the world set on fire,
Till Jupiter speaks, and the drivers retire.

Hark! hark!—a calm silence envelopes the world,
While heathenish God's from their empires are hurl'd:

The temple of Janus is shut for mankind,
While reason her empire resumes o'er the mind:
The passions of men with their GOD'S made
for these,
Are hush'd by new light, moral darkness now
flees!

Behold every nation exempted from war,
The wise men all gazing at Bethlehem's star!
"The day spring on high," angels sing with
surprise,
Beholding the bright "sun of Righteousness"
rise.

"Good tidings to men," angels echo from hea-
ven,
For "Peace and good will," to all mortals are
given.
"The wonderful Counsellor" great "mighty
GOD,"
The blest "Prince of Peace" makes the earth
his abode,
Takes "on him the nature" of Abraham's race,
Displaying to mortals the blessings of grace:
The spirit of GOD now descends like a dove,
An emblem of peace, and forgiveness and love:
The "meek, poor in spirit," and "Peace-ma-
kers" find,
Examples to lessen the woes of mankind;

The merciful, pure, persecuted, perceive,
Salvation forever to those that believe;
Diseases and death to his miracles yield,
The wounds of the soul of his people are heal'd.

Ah, people of passion, ambition and pride!
Opposed his mild goodness,—Immanuel died!
Jerusalem fell—His predictions fulfill'd,
Just vengeance seized those who the Saviour had kill'd.

Oh, when will mankind follow rules He has given,
Be Christ-like on earth to be fitted for heaven?
When will they, "through grace," be from selfishness brought,
Love God and their neighbours as Jesus has taught?

Whose life of benevolence, gentleness shown,
Was ended by men when He came to his own!
Betrayed, and denied, by disciples as foes,—
Compassionate still amidst Calvary's woes:
He rose from the dead, and appear'd unto men,
Reproving not Peter for cowardice then;
But kindly to Simon said "lovest thou me?"
When kindness grieved Peter, he said, "I love thee."

He taught life eternal,—He proved GOD is love,"
He promis'd the Spirit—ascended above.

Thus mortals were shown what they seldom pursue,
"Be kind like your wishes from others to you,
"Remember, with Peace, new commandments I give,
"To love one another, disciples so live.
"Forgiveness on earth is the spirit of heaven,
"Forgive when ye pray that your sins be forgiven.

Disciples so taught, soon the tidings proclaim,
A record on earth to Immanuel's name.
The weakness of others the stronger must bear,
And charity soften both sorrow and care:
Preferring each other in honour through life,
While reverence and love unite husband and wife.
Love worketh no evil to neighbours and friends,
Religion its love with humility blends.
That love which is perfect and casteth out fear,
Shoud govern the world till the Saviour appear.

Thus rules of politeness religion will aid,
Sincere, mild, and kind, more than fashion has made;
Thus principles pure, as they flow from the heart,
To manners of pride might a polish impart;

Christianity thus might rejoice for her birth,
And peace, love and order revisit the earth;
Each mortal so blest, with transgressions forgiven,
Forgiving all others, be fitted for heaven.

---

GENERAL LA FAYETTE,

Who arrived at New-York on August 15, 1824, in the ship Cadmus, in 31 days from Havre, and whose arrival has caused an universal impulse of national joy, on the return of the Hero, whose astonishing efforts formed the best outworks of American Independence, has occasioned the following ODE, written August 25, 1824.

NATIONAL JUBILEE.

Behold a nation's Jubilee,
Ten millions blest with Liberty,
Now welcome La Fayette!
See Freedom's Empire in the west,
Arise and bow to meet her Guest,
Where terror's sun has set.

No monarch in yon eastern Skies,
Can meet a nation's joyful eyes,
Like welcome La Fayette;

Age leaps for joy rememb'ring woe,
Those cheeks where love and friendship
glow,
With grateful tears are wet.

Columbia's sons, rise, catch the fire,
That could so great a soul inspire,
As welcome La Fayette;
Like him deserve a nation's praise;
Defence of Freedom best repays,
An everlasting debt.

Let Fame her loudest clarion ring,
Let Liberty thank offerings bring
To welcome La Fayette:
She calls on every free-born son,
To bless the day when Washington,
With him for glory met.

America, on earth alone,
With Freedom blest! her son will own,
Here welcome La Fayette:
A voice from every Hero's grave,
I heard----"my sons be free and brave;
"Nor Freedom's friend forget."

The nation hears---resolves----obeys,
Partakes the patriotic blaze,

Of Welcome La Fayette:
The patriots fire our wall should be,
Till grace in heaven makes virtue free,
Where GOD'S rewards are great.

---

### THE DISAPPOINTED FAIR.—A LOVE SONG.

A FRIEND disappointed now mourns for deception
By feeling neglect from a friend she held dear;
Endearments of friendship made welcome reception,
Love once was so perfect it cast away fear.
Oh, I was a believer,
Have found a deceiver,
Deception I mourn.

By confidence placed in returning affection,
On hope's airy castle my heart soar'd on high,
Yet sad disappointment sinks souls in dejection,
In solitude here I neglected may die.
Oh, I was a believer,
Have found a deceiver,
Deception I mourn.

Now fond recollection of pleasures departed,
Time's shade of oblivion can never conceal;

On hope sits a rainbow that tells the true hearted,
"No more shall thy heart floods of fearfulness feel."
Oh, I was a believer
Can such a deceiver
Sincerely return?

Peace, peace to my doubts, let my spirit recover,
A spark of pure love if enkindled will burn;
Returning affections of truth can discover,
Kind feelings of gratitude still may return.
Oh, then let a believer,
Behold the deceiver,
That left me to mourn.

---

## GREATNESS AND END OF NAPOLEON.

**Conflagration of Moscow in 1812, and inundation of St. Petersburgh in 1824.**

Ambition arose—Bonaparte was in Russia!
Like whirlwinds his forces o'er kingdoms could ride!
Brave Holland and Germany, Poland and Prussia,
Each trembling, saw future destruction spread wide!

Now, vast armies defeated;
Rich Moscow completed
Victorious pride!

Rastapchin, despairing; produced conflagration:
The fire raised an ocean of flames to the skies!
Grand—awful—terrific! spread wide desolation!
Astonishment seized great Napoleon's eyes!
Fire, provisions had wasted!
Frost, fatal soon hasted!
Hosts perish'd like flies!

Lo, Emperors—Kings—and great nations pursuing,
Attack'd him with vengeance, his force to devour!
Tremendous the scene—the great Victor subduing,
Imperial pride, saw adversity's hour:
Fate, with elements blended,
And suddenly ended
Napoleon's power,

Napoleon's reign was by Wellington finish'd!
Great Waterloo's battle compell'd him to fly!
Resign'd he was exiled with fame undiminish'd
Intelligence vast with great mortals must die!
O, St. Helena's breezes,
That brought on diseases
Still waft on a sigh.

Drown'd now are a people who spread conflagration,
Look north--there the Baltic by tempests late driven!
Empower'd, caused St. Petersburgh's sad desolation!
Ye wise, who seek wisdom, here lessons are given.
Now, let all with submission
By honest ambition
Strive mostly for heaven.

---

ELEGY ON GENERAL WASHINGTON.

From Vernon's shades where once with love,
Columbia view'd her Chief,
Death's mournful knell is heard to move,
And sinks a world in Grief.

Our vet'ran bands in sorrow bend,
An Orphan'd Country weeps,
Their Father, Guide, Protector, Friend,
In dust and silence sleeps.

His awful voice resounds no more,
Where once he dauntless stood,
Amidst the thundering cannon's roar,
And garments roll'd in blood.

Like him no Sage in Rome or Greece,
Was great in every form;
"Mild as the evening Sun in peace,
"In war the mountain storm."

Ev'n WISDOM call'd him great and brave,
On earth the best and first—
His fame still lives—while in the grave
He moulder's back to dust.

Like MOSES he our Fathers led,
With GOD's protecting hand;
Like JOSHUA brought their feet to tread,
The blest and promis'd land.

Like DAVID he has slain our foes,
Like SOLOMON was wise:
By him an infant nation rose,
In fame unto the skies.

Such was our GUIDE now gone to rest—
To us in mercy given—
"By all his COUNTRY's wishes blest,"
And far more blest in HEAVEN,

## STANZAS,

Sweet beam of New-hampshire, thy poems cause weeping
In eyes that ne'er saw thee, and never can see;
Old age, in its winter of genius half sleeping,
Now strikes its last minstrel, Cornelia, for thee.

Sad mourner, thy songs like thy loved Sugar river,
Call pity to hear thy melodious lay;
While age feels its pillars now tremble & quiver,
It mourns that thy joys, like a stream pass away

Earth's fondest delights are like nature in motion
And pass as those waves seek their home in the sea;
Our friends pass away to eternity's ocean,
On time's rapid stream, by a steady decree.

Farewell streams and fountains, where once I could wander
In youth, and those scenes of tranquillity view!
On long lost enjoyments, in sadness I ponder;
Ye juvenile pleasures, for ever adieu!

Respect for lost friends is the mourner's sad duty,
That duty in life has frequently been mine

To mourn a lost friend amidst virtue and beauty,
Is thine, sad CORNELIA, peculiarly thine.

That *Mystical Band* that so nobly sustains thee,
Must gratitude raise in each virtuous heart,
Thy school of adversity tries, and yet trains thee,
To meet with more peace the "last enemy's"
dart.

Go on, sweetest Songstress, the Muses shall aid
thee,
In publishing virtue's beneficent deeds:
So virtue and conscience will never upbraid thee
For praising relief when humanity bleeds.

Thy babes, unknown fair one, may sing their
sweet praises
Who sorrow relieve with fraternity's tear:
Religion may lead them where glory now blazes
And sings of Redemption to solace us here.

While life is advancing—their reason unfolding,
Their best source of wealth is a Mother's kind
care!
Your patrons may wish—while your patience
beholding,
The Bible should form both their *rule* and
their *square*.

Thus o'er the vast ruins of nature's existence,
A fabric shall rise where the faithful may dwell;
With truth for thy guide, and with grace for assistance,
Thy joys are eternal—Cornelia, Farewell.

---

FUNERAL DIRGE No. II.

1 Where shall the mourners find relief,
When overwhelm'd with seas of grief?
When kindred friends in death depart
And anguish dwells in every heart?

2 Let friends survey that faded form,
So late with living virtues warm,
How can we view that spirit fled
And leave those limbs among the dead.

3 Behold those eyes that gave delight,
Now dim in death's cold dreary night!
That lovely beam will ne'er return
Remembrance bids her kindred mourn.

4 Have pity, O ye mourning friends,
For here our earthly comfort ends;
Our fondest hopes thus fade away
And perish in this house of clay.

5 Great God, where shall our hopes repose?
O shed thy grace amidst our woes,
Sustain us in this mournful hour,
And grant submission to thy power.

6 Tho' kindred mingle with the dust,
Be Thou our Strength, our Hope and Trust,
May grace suppress these wasting sighs,
And give us mansions in the skies.

---

## THE OLD DRUM IN SILENT REPOSE.

The Drum, the old Drum, in the wars of our land,
That echoed alarm when invaded with foes,
Long beaten and bruised by a merciless hand,
Now hangs in the garret in silent repose.

Brave herald of courage, where enemies met,
Loud, loud, were its thunders when dangers arose
Hard beaten in battle and marches when wet,
Its last sad relief is in silent repose.

Long strain'd for the march, or the quick rev ellee,
And sounding its echoes forever from blows;
Elastic no longer, from echoes now free,
The garret receives it to silent repose.

Ah, much like that Drum, is my own failing form,
Hard used in all weather, in tempests and snows,
Long strain'd bruis'd and beaten in life's driving storm,
It wants a calm mansion of silent repose.

Alas, no dismission from service is found!
The head pelted still for new wants or new woes,
While strains show a spring, or while strokes give a sound,
This head, and this frame, find no silent repose.

While springs are diminish'd sensations remain,
Like pride without power, little comfort bestows!
Remember'd activity heightens the pain,
And swells the desire of more silent repose.

Faith trusts when alarms and life's warfare shall cease,
When death his last long roll on nature shall close,
His spirit may echo in mansions of peace,
His form in earth's bosom have silent repose.

## ODE FOR NEW-YEAR. A. D. 1825.

### EARTH AND TIME.

The earth by revolving still measures off time,
And shortens man's residence here!
Earth's tenants perceive it in every clime,
Yet welcome a happy New-Year.

Thus time with his shears yearly cuts off our race,
But comes like a Shepherd to shear;
For Earth feeds the living by warmth of her face,
And yields them a happy New-Year.

The bosom of earth the cold body receives,
When time brings the death that we fear;
The mourner on Earth in long solitude grieves,
Till time brings a happy New-Year.

New hopes of new joys with the young and the gay,
Awaken forever to cheer;
Time brings them a season delightful in May,
In Winter, a happy New-Year.

Our vast Revolution brought great La Fayette
That Time bids again reappear;

His worth with our Heroes, we cannot forget,
While blest with a happy New-Year.

Our Sister far south, like ourselves long before,
Now strives and must still persevere,
Till Liberty triumphs along her vast shore,
And sings for a happy New-Year.

The Earth heaves a sigh for the sorrows of Greece,
Which call forth kind sympathy's tear:
May virtue there triumph in glory and peace,
And there hail a happy New-Year.

Our people now fed by political food,
Hear Presidents's names with each ear:
The eye that can view either Candidate good,
May see quite a happy New-Year.

If Adams, or Jackson, or Crawford or Clay,
The Ship of the nation should steer,
The watchword is still "Constitutional sway!"
"All's well" then a happy New-Year.

Five Admirals claim'd "Sailor's rights and free trade,
Till seas are of enemies clear:

The crew safe in Port with their fortunes well made,
All hands hail a happy New-Year.

The world, led by fashions, long bow'd down to Kings!
Republics now bring up the rear!
Where Tyrants have perish'd now Liberty sings,
And smiles with a happy New-Year.

See Hayti, though black is yet comely and free,
With French Independence bought dear!
She yet may bear rule,—sit as Queen of the sea,
And maintain a happy New-Year.

Poor Spain, like a Spaniel, is whip'd into love
Her Cortes to Kings made to veer,
Sees murder assume the mild form of a dove,
Kings dance to a happy New-Year.

America only is Liberty's home,
Where none dread a King nor a Peer!
Here Science may flourish for ages to come,
The Arts feel a happy New-Year.

Schools, Colleges, Temples for worship here stand,
From Ancestors whom we revere;

Here free toleration gives peace to our land,
Gives all men a happy New-Year.

Columbia divided from Kings of the east,
Admits of no Tyranny near!
Improvements with peace may go on in the west,
Till Time ends a happy New-Year.

---

## BATTLE OF NEW-ORLEANS.—JAN. 8, 1815.

GLORIA MUNDI.

OUR land was at rest as by laws of Mount Sinai,
When foes with audacity came from abroad;
New-Orleans,—the Hero from South Carolina,
Defended by laws of his land and his GOD:
O, these sons of the Lion,
Chose Sunday to die on,
They came like a flood.

The tempest of battle with horror descended,
Thick bullets, like hailstones swift whistling now flew,
The great God of battles our heroes defended,
The foes of their country by thousands they slew:
O, the annals of glory,
Proclaim the glad story
A host fell by few.

Our heroes like Benjamites aim'd the sure rifle,
To "hair's breadth" their bullets gave death a new wing;
Brittannia's proud boasting our cannon could stifle,
Our heroes forever, our country shall sing.
O, each man did his duty,
Words "Booty and Beauty"
With knells sadly ring.

The Wellington Troops by their last desolation,
Bid Europe of Jackson and Orleans beware!
Brittannia in tears for the brave of her nation,
Must sing their sad Dirge in the tune of despair:
O, the Bales of our Cotton,
Will not be forgotten,
Nor Riflemen there.

Thus Mars and Minerva in Jackson were blended,
Each soldier a Vulcan made thunder now roar!
Brittannia thus vanquish'd her warfare here ended,
In arms she revisits our country no more:
O shout Liberty's glory
Till Jackson is hoary,
Let all shout encore.

Now fame round the world her loud trumpet
is blowing,
How brave like Leonidas stood the firm band,
Proclaims till the vast Mississippi cease flow-
ing,
New-Orleans's defenders to every land:
O Columbia's Daughters,
Will sing o'er her waters,
Great Jackson's brave band

---

## THE CHANGES OF LIFE.

By an old man.

Oh world, full of changes and woe!
Of pain, disappointment and strife!
My comforts have perish'd below,
My soul has grown weary of life:
Old age, care and sorrow, have wasted my days,
And death soon will end my complaints and my
lays.

Then listen, ye youth, to my song,
The last that the muse can inspire;
And learn as your years roll along,
How hope, love, and friendship expire:
Like me you may mourn for the joys that are
fled,
And soon be consign'd to the house of the dead.

Come quickly, O last mournful change!
I welcome the long waiting tomb!
My looks to my kindred are strange,
I yield up my life to my doom!
All nature around me, must flourish and fade,
The world like myself must in ruins be laid!

The charms and the beauty of Spring,
Decay in the Autumn with frost,
The warblers of Summer that sing,
In Winter are silent and lost:
The waves of the streams seek the ocean their home,
As men in succession descend to the tomb.

The Moon, with her night borrow'd beams,
When changing in sackloth is drest,
Then sheds on the mountains and streams,
The smiles of her youth from the west:
Fair moon, from thy chambers rejoice round the world,
For thou from thine orbit must shortly be hurl'd.

The Sun, with his fire kindling face,
Diffusing refulgence of light,
Must stop in the pride of his race,
And sink in a chaos of night:
The universe then in confusion shall roll,
The earth and the heavens depart as a scroll.

When earth's last convulsions are felt,
When saints see their judge in the skies,
When nature's fix'd elements melt,
Then mortals immortal shall rise:
New heavens created shall burst on the view,
Where light, joy and praise shall forever be new.

O GOD, thou hast formed the sun,
The earth and the sea and the sky,
Ordaining the river's to run,
And mortals to mourn and to die:
Thyself and thy laws must forever abide,
And death bring to dust all the children of pride.

When floods of thy wrath shall abound,
When flames shall dissolve every clime,
When angels their trumpets shall sound,
And stop the vast current of time,
The wicked shall sink in an ocean of woe,
The just dwell where river's of glory shall flow.

When heaven and earth flee away,
Before the bright throne of our GOD,
May seraphs my spirit convey,
To dwell in my Saviour's abode,
Where tears, pain, and sorrow are turned into joy,
And songs of the Lamb shall be angels employ.

When heaven shall hail a new birth,
The old shall be chang'd and be young,
Their sorrows remember'd on earth,
In triumphs of joy shall be sung:
Then death the last foe of the world shall be slain,
And saints with their Saviour in glory shall reign.

---

## ODE.

*For the Anniversary of American Independence, July 4, 1803.*

All hail the great the glorious day,
When our assembled Sages spoke,
Declared Columbia's sovereign sway,
And from Brittannia's bondage broke!

Let party strife and discord cease,
Let union form our festive band;
While here we taste the sweets of peace,
And Independence cheers the land.

What tho' the awful trump of war,
Resounds once more on Europe's coast;
Our souls defy the storms that roar,
Proud Albion's fleet, and Gallia's host.

Let arms in millions, warlike stores,
And swords for secret service lie:
So troops and fleets shall shun our shores,
Or soon must sink retreat or die.

If e'er Columbia's sons should bleed,
And wounded honor ask relief;
Brave warriors rise,—some sage shall lead,
Like him our heaven ascended chief.

Should Orleans's fiends our rights invade,
Here Spartan valour takes its stand;
Like Persia's troops their pomp shall fade,
And vanquish'd seek their native land.

While union force and wisdom join,
To guard our peace, and quell our foes;
We still may trust that power divine,
Thro' whom Columbia's freedom rose.

While peace and plenty crown our days,
Let grateful songs to heaven ascend;
Let GOD receive the highest praise,
Till wars shall cease and time shall end

---

## A WINTER ON MERRIMACK RIVER.

Stern Winter lays his cold unfeeling hand,
On nature's face, and nought her beauty saves;

He drives the plumy songsters from the land,
And forms his bridges on deep watery waves.

He naked nature clothes with robes of snow,
With frozen mantles covers nature's sleep,
Each insect ceases to bemoan his woe,
The clouds pour hail in pity as they weep.

O winter! nature feels thy horrid reign!
She stops, and trembles with her beauty lost!
The earth bound down as with an iron chain,
Gives up her rivers to be bound with frost.

Sweet Merrimack! majestic is thy course,
Ice spreads a garment on thy wintry bed,
Thy warmest mantle to thy northern source,
Affords defence to fish from foes they dread.

O River! emblem of our mortal life!
Thy course is constant to the sea thy home;
Thy floods at times exhibit awful strife,
As man midst tumult hurries to the tomb.

Thy ice permits thy stream to pass in peace,
No boisterous winds disturb its quiet way;
Ice melts, or floats as warmer streams increase,
Thus frozen floods their Maker's laws obey.

So must our forms in wintry graves repose,
Till death's cold victims time's last spring shall greet,
Then rise from earth as our Redeemer rose,
When elements shall melt with fervent heat.

Each hard and icy heart, each frozen soul,
The God that warms the world can melt with love;
The pow'r that makes the mighty rivers roll,
The saint can waft to seas of joy above.

As rivers freeze, and yet forever flow,
And rise and fall as changing seasons come,
So pious souls midst frosts and floods of woe,
May glide with streams of grace to heav'n their home.

---

### A NEW-YEAR'S WISH ADDRESSED TO A SCHOOL.

Ye Masters and Misses so blooming and fair
That now in this schoolhouse appear,
Since you come for instruction you're under my care,
And I wish you a happy New-Year.

May reading and writing forever invite,
Your attention so long as you're here,

And hence may your books prove your highest delight,
For I wish you a happy New-Year.

May your friends and your Parents delight to behold,
How in study you all persevere,
And as they discover your reason unfold,
May it give them a happy New-Year.

While union & virtue among them are found,
Then bliss and contentment are near,
May fortune forever sit smiling around,
For I wish them a happy New-Year.

May the poor & oppressed, the aged, & Wise,
Whom we pity and ought to revere,
Have joy in their hearts and a light to their eyes,
And see quite a happy New-Year.

Tho' some have entombed a Parent or friend,
Let mourner's forbear the sad tear,
While we see them in Grief and our sympathy lend,
Yet we wish them a happy New-Year.

May the Lads and young Ladies so blithesome and gay,
Have no disappointments to fear,

And in the soft gale as they ride in the Sleigh,
May they all have a happy New-Year.

As Time rolls along and the seasons advance,
May music attend our career,
May joy in all nations, and peace in old France,
Make us happy thro'out the Whole Year.

---

## REFLECTIONS.

Awakened by reading, in the Christian Messenger, proposals, to publish by subscription, the Sermons of the late Rev. Oliver Hulburd, Prof. of Languages &c. in Middlebury Col.

How sweet is the sound of the name,
Of him who was dear to my heart!
Whose loveliness lives with his fame;
Whose works can instruction impart!

With meekness and modesty join'd,
He moulded his manners with ease;
His Maker had fitted his mind,
At once to instruct and to please.

With him many Castleton youth,
Beheld our Academy smile;

His genius made science and truth,
The pain of their studies beguile.

With sorrow I saw him depart,
He left me—ah, left me to mourn!
I felt sad forebodings of heart,
That Hulburd would never return.

Around me to cherish my love,
I see fond memorials rise:
To raise my affections above,
They point like his soul, to the skies.

Remembrance recurs with delight,
To days when my house was his home,
When Faith was more precious than sight,
When hope was fruition to come.

Our sabbaths past sweetly away,
Devotion commenced with the dawn,
Foretasting that heavenly day,
Where he now to glory is gone.

Ah, when shall this heart be at rest?
Ah when shall life's miseries cease?
Ah, when shall I meet with the blest,
And share their ineffable peace?

Make haste ye dark years as ye roll,
The joys ye once gave are no more,
Your griefs come like waves o'er my soul,
I sigh for eternity's shore.

Lov'd Hulburd, thy sermons shall prove,
A guide to my children in years:
Thy heart felt their earliest love,
Thy name is embalm'd by their tears.

My soul shall with pleasure retrace,
Thy fervor of piety there,
Which once was thy mantle of grace,
Thy solace from sorrow and care.

Religion, how bright is the charm,
Thy power and thy precepts impart!
I saw thy sweet influence warm,
And animate Oliver's heart.

With rapture, admiring free grace,
His Saviour was daily his theme;
Ah, who shall his virtues replace,
Whose life pass'd away like a stream.

His works shall recall to his friend,
The spirit that dwelt in his breast;
Till, filled, now his shall ascend,
And mingle in mansions of rest.

## ODE FOR ST. JOHN'S-DAY, JUNE, 24, 1825.

John Baptist the Prophet divinely inspired,
Came forth from the wilderness preaching,
With light from on high his bosom was fired,
Repentance and Heav'n's Kingdom teaching.

The Spirit of God he beheld like a dove,
Descend upon Jesus the Saviour,
Who gave to men new commandments of love,
For all men to square their behaviour.

True Masons, as Christians, obey the command,
And ev'ry where love one another;
Apart, and when met, in every land,
View every Free Mason a brother.

From Hiram and Solomon down to Saint John,
True Masons are one in all ages;
The Arch of their love extends to God's Throne,
Encircles the noblest of Sages.

The Eye of Omniscience, more bright than the Sun,
Beholds what our Arches are based on;
Each Compass surveys till labour is done,
By each free and accepted Mason.

The Bible's our Square, with the Plumbline of Truth,
We build on a plan of perfection;
We live and we die, in age, and in youth,
In hope of the blest Resurrection.

The Sword is like Justice to govern mankind,
Resembling "the sword of the spirit;"
The Mallet shows Reason governs the mind,
Till God shall reward all true merit.

The Anchor and Ark are our emblems of Hope,
Till Time with his Scythe ends all mortals;
The Hour-glass may show Time hurries us up,
To enter the Arch of heav'n's portals.

While virtue's our Compass and truth our Plumbline,
The structure we raise is unending!
The base is so firm, the art so divine,
From earth up to heav'n is ascending.

The Myst'ry of Craftsmen from folly is seal'd,
Secured by our wise Constitution:
The Secret will not to all be reveal'd,
Till Earth feels her great dissolution.

Then Angles of mercy shall visit our rest,
Rebuild these frail temples of nature,

Conduct then to heav'n, a Temple more blest,
The Architect God the Creator.

Here Masons your heav'nly Grand-Master behold,
Let love like Saint John's be fraternal:
Heav'n's Architect then will myst'ries unfold,
A Lodge there for us is eternal,

---

The following Lines were written to Miss A***** K****** the day on which I was inoculated for the Small Pox.

Dear Friend, when you receive these lines from me,
Expel all fear for you're from danger free;
For I am where on fell infection stays,
That I can send to blast your blissful days:
Yet on my flesh now lies a poisonous thread,
Which soon perhaps may lay me with the dead,
And I but paint those pains without disguise,
I now foretaste but soon must realize.
Now pale disease shoots thro' my languid frame,
And checks the zeal for wisdom and for fame.
Here, sad reverse! from scenes of pleasure far,
I wage with sorrow unremitting war;
Oppress'd with grief, my lingering moments flow,

Nor aught of joy, nor aught of quiet know,
Far from the scenes that gave my being birth,
From parents far, and every bliss on earth!
In youth's warm hours from each restriction free,
Left to myself in dangerous liberty.
O Heaven! when shall once more these eyes be cast,
On scenes where all my spring of life was pass'd?
But ah! my fate allows me to explore,
Those seats of still tranquillity no more.

---

ODE sung at New-Orleans, as the Hon. Andrew Jackson approached the church, adorned with Flowers, after the great Battle of New-Orleans in 1815.

Hail to the chief! who led at war's alarms,
To save our threaten'd land from hostile arms;
Preserv'd, protected by his gallant care,
Be his the grateful tribute of each fair:

With joyful triumph swell the choral lay,
Strew, strew with flowers, the hero's welcome way.

Jackson, all hail! our country's pride and boast,
Whose mind's a council, and whose arm's an host;

Who firm and valiant, midst the storm of war,
Boasts unstain'd praise—laurels without a tear:

Welcome blest chief! accept our grateful lays,
Unbidden Homage, and spontaneous praise;
Rememb'rance, long shall keep alive thy fame,
And future infants learn to lisp thy name.

Author not known to the Publisher.

---

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS TO A SCHOOL.

The time is come my Boys,
When you and I must part,
To leave the School and all the joys,
That soothe a Scholar's heart.

No more young Laura's bloom,
Whose learning we admire,
Is seen within this spacious room,
To study by the fire.

Ah Sorrow fills the Mind,
To think those Moments o'er,
When Learning was with pleasure join'd
And now they are no more.

You'll see some grief and tears,
Ere youth and pleasures cease,
But as you do advance in Years,
You'll find your griefs increase.

Yet fortune still may smile,
On some where e'er you go;
Though other's walk life round a while,
Then sink in grief and woe.

Your Teacher walks away,
No more to come again,
He'll spend perhaps each summer's day,
In sorrow, toil, and pain.

He'll think on days that past,
When health and mirth did blend;
Then grieve to see they flew so fast,
And must so shortly end.

His youthful joys when fled,
Shall see no glad return,
'Till he is number'd with the dead,
And friends forget to mourn.

Now while he is opprest,
With sighs and sadness too,
The school that seem'd so near his breast,
He bids a long ADIEU.

## MY STOMACH.

My stomach, with the seat of life,
Exhausted long with toil and care,
Is tired of earthly noise and strife,
I feel a constant faintness there.

My stomach, though the seat of joys,
Has fail'd—my appetite decays!
I there feel pain from every noise,
Thus sorrow clouds my dying days.

Almighty God, may peace appear,
To make me more completely blest,
May sweet repose dry every tear,
And grace soon give eternal rest.

Thus when my heart and flesh shall fail,
This stomach, faint, shall not be mine,
My soul shall sweet salvation hail,
And bless my Saviour so divine.

When fainting nature's strength shall cease,
And earth's cold bosom holds my frame,
My spirit then may rest in peace,
To praise my great Redeemer's name.

## THE GREEN MOUNTAIN FARMER.

Why sad stranger, why that weeping
Dost thou sigh o'er nature's gloom?
Dost thou mourn her beauty sleeping,
In her cold and wintry tomb.

Are the friends whom thou hast chosen,
Colder than the wintry sky?
Does creation dead and frozen,
Teach thee thou must shortly die?

Have thy hopes been doom'd to perish?
Hast thou lost thy heart's desire?
Why dost thou such sadness cherish,
O'er thy cheerful evening fire?

Tell the cause of all thy sorrow?
Grief imparted calms the breast!
I must leave this land to-morrow,
Travelling onward to the west.

Clad in all that christian armour,
Meekness faith and grace bestow,
Thus the poor Green Mountain Farmer,
Told the story of his woe.

## DISCONSOLATE.

Hearts of pity view my anguish,
Sorrow darkens all my years!
Must my spirits always languish?
With no solace save these tears?

Old and worn, and faint and weary,
Here I tread life's lonely round;
Like the season, sad and dreary,
Cheerless as the frozen ground.

Former joys have fled forever,
And they leave my soul to mourn,
Hope delusive! canst thou never
Greet me with their glad return?

Lo, I hear the voice of reason,
"Mortal see life's winter come,
"Thou hast known thy summer season,
"Make the wintry grave thy home.

Welcome, O thou King of terrors!
Thou canst bring me rest and peace;
Death shall stop my countless errors,
So shall sin and sorrow cease.

Spring once smill'd on life's gay morning,
Summer spread her roses there;

Autumn dropt her fruits a warning;
Winter chills me with despair.

Where are now my streams of pleasure?
They are dried, and gone and lost!
Where the joys of promis'd treasure?
Kill'd, alas, by fortune's frost!

O ye storms of desolation,
Will ye not from me depart,
Peace may yield alleviation.
When death gathers round the heart!

Once in my poor darksome mansion,
Strangers might their woes beguile,
Friends have felt the souls expansion,
Neighbours enter'd with a smile.

But those days of joy are over,
From my door their footsteps haste,
Just like yonder field of clover,
Shun'd when view'd a wintry waste.

---

## ODE TO REVOLUTIONARY HEROES.

Sung at Castleton July 4, 1820.

Where our country's Hero's moulder,
Honour mingles with their dust!

Spartan's sons were never bolder,
None more faithful to their trust.

Rise Columbia's strength and beauty,
Strew your Laurel's round the grave,
Honor those who fell in duty,
Those who bled our rights to save.

Heroes now by age grown hoary,
Though remembrance swells the tear,
You acquired our country's glory,
Gave us peace with Freedom here.

Oft when wasted worn and weary,
Arm'd with patriotic fire,
You have fought in battle's dreary,
Seen your dearest friends expire.

War, O full of desolation!
Once thou didst our woes increase!
Now, the joy of every nation,
Is the heavenly blessing peace.

Independence now possessing,
From the Revolution's blaze,
For so great, so rich a blessing,
Let us give our GOD the praise

The following lines inscribed on the Coffin in which contained the bones of Capt. Nathan Williams, were read by the Rev. Mr. Smith, and responded by the singers.

Ye sons of men, "can these bones live?"
Can reason's voice one comfort give,
When man in desolation lies?
The living GOD reveals the word,
That saints shall like their risen LORD,
To everlasting glory rise.

---

The following lines were sent to a Lady accompanied with the present of a pair of Shoe-bows.

Dear madam accept of this bow,
Of a fashion entirely new,
Invented of late as you know,
To hold and embellish the Shoe.

If such you will put it to use,
And frequently were it in view,
You may probably thus introduce,
A new mode of adorning the Shoe.

But I would not dictate the fair,
In what fashion they ought to pursue,

Yet it seems there can nothing compare,
With this mode of adorning the Shoe.

Tho' early on Saturday morn,
I received a favor from you,
I have nothing to send in return,
But this bow to embellish the Shoe.

So I hope you will receive it from one,
From whom it is gratefully due,
Then smile at the deed I have done,
And use bows to embellish the Shoe.

---

## THE AMERICAN CARAVAN.

Here works of creation from two distant lands,
American forests, and African sands,
Wild Animals various in nature and shapes,
To man's faint resemblance in species of Apes.

The caravan offers to every eye,
With Fowls of the wilderness ready to fly,
Exhibits to men for a trifling reward,
The wonderful works of their Maker the Lord.

The Lion, magnanimous, King of each beast,
His majesty moves, unlike Kings of the east,

Allied to no Monarchs, secure on his throne,
Loves mutton, like Kings, but lets others alone.

The Tyger, though tame, is as dauntless as they,
Who conquer, as warriors and seize on the prey;
Intrepid and active, secure in his reign,
Abroad sends no forces, like France, into Spain.

Two Bears, like republicans, live in one cage,
Equality governs their love and their rage:
Their relative rights they maintain with much skill,
Fight duels, like men, but too noble to kill.

The Leopard, proverbial forever for spots,
Like Austria's government, parcel'd in lots,
Morose, like an Emperor, rav'nous of kind,
Much fear'd, like Napoleon, now is confined.

The Catamount caught in far western retreats,
His fellows ferocious from Africa meets,
Unites in grand conclave the grand Caravan,
Submissively yields in due homage to man.

The Wild-Cat is like an Arabian band,
Like Ishmael's hand, against every hand;

By nature a Pirate, a Robber and Thief,
Confined, but not hung, like some men as the chief.

The Eagle, prepared to defend or devour,
America's emblem of valour and power,
At present allow'd not through ether to fly,
America's children may "see eye to eye."

By night, the great terror of birds is the Owl,
Whose eye, like the moon, brings deep fear on each fowl,
Imprison'd, in sunbeams by all may be seen,
Who sits by the King of all birds as his Queen.

Ferocity's power by the weak is view'd brave,
Philosophy pities the Lion's poor slave,
The Jack all,—midst dangers the Lion must feed,
As millions of people for monarchs must bleed.

The Camel, like Issachar, burdens must bear,
Like slavery's children, bow'd down with despair,
To man's proud oppression a hard willing slave,
O'er deserts, nor tastes of a watery wave.

But mark Dandy Jack, when he breaks from his chain,
Rejoicing to find beloved freedom again,

Resembles great Hayti, proud Isle of the sea,
Rejoices in triumph, resolves to be free.

Ichneuman, like Justice, Injustice destroy's,
Destroying destroyers, his talents employs,
Proud Egypt, from whence prouder science first sprung,
His worth half adoring, his praises have sung.

These various creatures to mortals display,
How mortals from mortals take comforts away,
What beings by man must be kill'd or confined,
Though form'd by a GOD, are the foes of mankind.

Let mortals survey, and the lesson improve,
And learn to be just with due kindness and love:
Thus reason to youth may instruction impart,
While knowledge so gain'd is improving the heart.

---

## WOMAN'S CLAIMS.

### Moore's Farewell to his Harp.

Dear Harp of my country, in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,

When proudly, my own Island Harp! I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom and song.

The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness,
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy loveliest thrill;
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;
Go—sleep, with the sunshine of fame o'er thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.

If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Has throb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone,
I was but as the wind passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thine own.

## JUDGMENT HYMN.

How blest were those enraptur'd eyes,
That saw the Star of Bethle'm rise,
And sought the infant Saviour there!
But far more blest are wise men now,
Who to the risen Saviour bow,
And in their hearts his image bear.

The wise astonish'd saw the Jews,
Their heaven descended King refuse,
Their malice shed his precious blood!
Believers now surpris'd behold,
Such unbelief as reign'd of old,
The proud reject the Son of God.

Jerusalem soon punish'd fell,
Her children heard her funeral knell,
And weeping wander'd round the world!
So earth and nature must expire,
The elements shall melt with fire,
And all things be in ruin hurl'd!

Behold, on clouds, the Saviour comes,
To judge the world and burst the tombs,
And bid his saints in glory dwell!
But sinners fear the Lamb once slain,
And call on rocks to hide in vain,
Their trembling souls must sink to hell!

Though heav'n and earth shall pass away,
The Lord of life will not delay,
The Judge of all the earth will come;
The Bride shall hear the Bridegroom's voice,
And like the morning sun rejoice,
To hail in peace her heav'nly home.

Where can the hopeless sinner fly,
When Christ shall thunder from the sky,
The world, and sin, and death destroy?
The saints shall now lift up their heads,
Redemption all her glory sheds,
They wake to everlasting joy.

Great God, when time's last sands have run,
And Thou from heav'n shalt blot the sun,
And kindred part, to meet no more;
"Thy will be done" the saints shall cry,
And shout salvation round the sky,
And heav'n, renew'd, thy name adore.

---

## GRATITUDE, JOY AND DISTRESS.

How poor is the language that cannot express,
Mix'd feelings of Gratitude, Joy and distress!
These waken'd by relatives recently here,
Whose presence gave joy, whose departure a
tear,

These rise like the tide of Piscataqua's stream,
Which Mary with me, saw with pleasure supreme,
While walking on Portsmouth's vast Bridge into Maine,
Then saw the swift tide rolling downward again,
So tides of emotion recur in my soul,
As restless, yet constant forever must roll.
On visiting Portsmouth, her harbour and trade,
Kind friendship made pleasing the visit we made.
Returning so blest to my Exeter home,
I could not recur to the sorrow to come.
Farewell, O ye powers, that distracted a brain,
Which felt what it never can suffer again.
Your cruelty crush'd what pure kindness could save,
A heart, that now waits for the peace of the grave.
Where taking up garments a sister has brought,
As precious as those that good Dorcas had wrought,
Prepared to adorn a loved brother at first,
Whose dignified form is now mouldering in dust.
I drop them—o'erwhelm'd with all kindnesses shown,
Affection pours torrents of tears when alone.

Remembrance returns in my full—bursting heart,
I sigh that I might like my brother depart.
I thank thee O GOD, that he never could see,
The sad desolation allotted to me.
In peace in that grave-yard he calmly can sleep,
Nor here when I sigh, nor behold where I weep.
These sacred memorials of one who is gone,
Awaken my sorrow with each morning dawn,
Yet Gratitude bids me these murmurs suppress,
And seal up my anguish in silent distress.
Great Father give silence when suffering thy rod,
And bless me in garments for worshipping GOD.
O quicken my spirit, when dull with delay,
Accept in these robes my devotions to-day,
Reward my dear friends for these tokens of love
And fit them for mansions of glory above.

---

## THE HOUSE OF SORROW.

Child of joy in life's gay morning,
On whose cheek health's roses spring,
Banish all your pride and scorning,
Hear a female pilgrim sing!

While from northern climes I wander'd,
Near the shores of Lake Champlain,
On departed charms I ponder'd,
Summer's charms by winter slain.

Ruin reign'd o'er all creation,
Famine spread despair around;
Nature mourn'd her desolation,
While the God of nature frown'd.

Unexampled cold prevailing,
Turn'd the liquid Lake to rock;
Fountains, streamlets, rivers failing,
Aw'd the keepers of the flock.

From the north where coldness gathers,
As I travel'd on to view,
Sepulchres that hold my fathers,
There to take my last adieu.

Soon an awful storm arising,
Fill'd my soul with horror wild;
Falling trees, with noise surprising,
Terrified misfortune's child.

From the dreadful tempest swelling
Into whirlwinds dark with snows,
In a hospitable dwelling,
Sorrow's pilgrim sought repose.

But alas,—a storm of trouble,
Reign'd with more commotion there;
Gusts of anguish deep and double,
To the sighing troubled air.

"Oh my Son exclaim'd a mother,
Deep a Father's grief was shown:
Sarah weeping heard a brother,
Heaving life's expiring groan.

By his bed-side, humbly kneeling,
I implored a Saviour's smile;
Calvin, every pain concealing;
Calvin's prayer could pain beguile.

Soon the Holy-dove descended,
He forgave, and was forgiven:
Love, and Hope, and Faith were blended,
And his soul prepar'd for heav'n.

Nature yielded to the fever;
Science felt her pride repress'd;
For his spirit fled for ever,
To the mansions of the blest.

Earth receiv'd him on the morrow,
Midst the sighs of nature's gloom!
Thus, methinks, his friends in sorrow,
Long will murmur round his tomb.

# Acrostics.

THE SMILES OF CHEERFULNESS.

Joyful smiles prove human nature;
Are there any laughing brutes?
Nothing proves from our Creator,
Ever vain, though pride disputes.

Friendship smiles when friends are cheerful,
O how welcome cheerful friends!
Giving ease when sad and fearful,
Giving smiles till sorrow ends.

---

CHANGES OF LIFE.

Ever changing like the season,
Life appears to every eye;
Infancy, youth, age and reason,
Spring and bloom and fade and die.
All must feel these varied changes,
Be, and be beloved no more:
Evils often love estranges,
Trials live till life is o'er.
Heav'n unchanging pleasure offers,
Scenes unchanging as the sun;
Wisdom here her comfort proffers,
Aid for grief till heav'n is won.
Zeal for heav'n is christian duty,
Yielding life for changeless beauty.

## END OF AMBITION.

Science claim'd his hours of leisure,
Ending as a circle ends;
Long he loved the muse for pleasure,
And to please his loving friends.
Health defective check'd ambition,
Gave him sorrow where he dwelt,
Rest he sigh'd for while Physician,
Imperfections own'd and felt.
Deep he sought to know creation,
Loving most what Christ had given;
Ever trusting his salvation,
Yielding life with hope of heaven.

---

## DIVINE TRUTH.

Mercy and Truth come from God to our race,
As we accept Christ's Salvation of grace:
Rich is the grace which the Saviour has given,
Youth thus have light that may lead them to heaven.

Blessed are they who believe divine truth,
Union with Christ is the wisdom of youth:
Truth is the ladder of Jacob of old,
Mortals may here future glory behold:
As men repent, live in faith, truth and love,
[illegible]ne fail of finding true glory above.

## MEMORY.

Memory mingles pain with pleasure,
Ah, it points to comforts fled!
Raises thoughts of friends and treasure
Yea now mingling with the dead.

Hope once promis'd long enjoyment,
Age those joys through memory see:
Love thus lives in sweet employment,
Lives in blest eternity.

---

## FORTITUDE AND PERSEVERANCE.

To plan and perform with a firm resolution,
In troubles from man or divine institution,
Must fit one for firmness in life's dissolution:
Of all the fine faculties useful in life,
This furnishes proof of the most real greatness,
Here acting with energy, there with sedateness,
Yet mixing true wisdom with tumult and strife.

Great thoughts persevered in, with efforts combining,
Religion restraining, exalting, refining,
In patience midst pain, without fear or repining,
Display a great soul the Almighty has given:
Let such be our aim, divine mercies improving,
Each hard dispensation the Author still loving,
Yet hoping more greatness and glory in heaven.

## A MOTHER'S CARE.

Unknown is half a Mother's care,
Remember'd not by those who share
Such acts as love bestows;
Unfelt, till time's unwearied wing,
Like cares to them, like love shall bring,
And like parental woes.

Great fortitude each mother needs,
Required the most when nature pleads,
If children droop and die:
Distress each feeling heart must bear;
Lo grace can make the patient fair,
Exhausted long with pain and care,
Yield life for joys on high.

---

## REMEMBERED JOYS.

As memory dwells on the joys that are past,
Now gone like a stream when its waters are fled,
No more to return when they vanished so fast,
Sighs move my sad heart, as one mourns for the dead.

My joy, like a leaf which the winds bore away,
Is sought for in vain amidst many so driven!
Time yet may restore that I mourn for to-day,
Hope promises joy in the Kingdom of heaven.

## A VIRTUOUS WIFE.

Reason and beauty in woman may blend,
Each man of worth wants a wife for a friend.
Beauty, so lovely to fanciful eyes,
Equals not kindness where excellence lies:
Kindness from woman so pleasantly flows,
All view such kindness more sweet than the rose.
Heaven's richest gift is a virtuous wife,
Strength is with Honour, her clothing in life.
Active and prudent, her household she sees,
None without clothing need suffer nor freeze.
Beauty thus beams with a lustre divine,
Oh, may such beauty and virtue be thine,
Rubies unequal such virtue in price,
None such, through grace, fail to find Paradise.

---

## POVERTY.

Power is unequal to poverty's wants,
Often that woe I have seen was Vermont's,
Virtue has wept over sickness and grief,
Each, where I saw it, received some relief;
Righteousness dwells not with mortals below,
Therefore, some seeing my exile and woe,
Yield no relief when my anguish they know.

## SINCERITY.

Sincerity, friendship and truth,
Are virtues important to youth,
Religion herself without these is a name:
A friend who has proved insincere,
Humanity views with a tear,
Renouncing the false one as worthy of shame.

Felicity's plants will not grow,
On fields which the treacherous sow;
Love, also, like friendship, forever requires,
Sincerity's fostering care,
Or blossoms so sweet, will not bear
More fruit than a tree in destruction from fires.

---

## MARY GRIDLEY.

May you, my loved, and my once loving daughter,
Always be blest, though my bed is the water,
Resting from hatred, from love, and from strife;
You, my dear Mary, have seen me in anguish,
Gone from and left me when lovelorn to languish,
Ruin has follow'd, and finish'd my life!
If the great deep holds the form that receives it,
Dear is the wave that sees woe and relieves it:

Love was less kind and that comfort denied;
Endless as time shall each pitying tide,
Yield a sad proof how your father has died.

---

## RESIGNATION.

Consumption, calamity, sorrow and death,
Are wasting our race and suspending their breath,
Remanding to dust the fine forms which it gave!
O may you not dread its cold bosom the grave!
Let sadness not reign if life's sands quickly run,
If life is cut off ere its honours you won,
Nor mourn blasted hopes which your fancy begun;
Each duty which God our Creator requires,
Religion fulfils as frail nature expires:
Undaunted in death, may your soul be resign'd,
Grace offers sweet peace to the sin mourning mind:
Give up then earth's prospects for joys more refined;
Let Christ be your hope when life's struggles shall end,
Expiring, O pray for your lifeweary friend,
Still sighing for songs that with angels shall blend.

## AN ACROSTIC AND EPITAPH.

Can christians forbear, as they ponder, to weep,
And mourn and bewail for loved Catharine's sleep?
Too good for this world, with its evils to come,
Her Saviour soon call'd her renew'd spirit home,
Ah, when such a soul of a heavenly birth,
Returns to the Lord—duty done upon earth,
In calm resignation friends see a friend die,
Not doubting the soul lives with God in the sky.
Each soul so departing, so calmly resign'd,
Brings proof it is pure, like gold tried and refined.
Removals in peace to so early a grave,
Occasions more faith in one mighty to save,
When christians, their dust, so resign to the dust,
New life springs to light, they shall live with the just.

## A DESERTED PARENT.

My daughter, affectionate, pleasant and mild,
An equally kind and obedient child;
Remembrance awakes for your goodness to me,
Yet kindness restored me I never shall see!

Gone, gone are enjoyments which once were so dear,
Rude power has dissolved them, but drops not a tear!
In anguish I feel it, in weakness and woe!
Despair spreads a gloom on all objects below!
Late desolate left, with no errors forgiven,
Even reason was wreck'd when from home it was driven,
Yet hoping that rest which alone is in heaven.

---

## FAITHFULNESS.

Willing work when duty calls,
Is thy virtue William Walls;
Leave not this for love of ease,
Love pursues the lads who please:
Indolence affords no friends,
Art expires where action ends,
Let each youth then faithful prove,
Seek through faith a rest above.

## LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

Mankind sat in darkness, when Bethlehem's star,
Attracted the wise men who came from afar,
Rejoiced that the light for the Gentiles should rise,
The great Prince of Peace, and the Lord of the skies;
Here worship'd with gifts for the light that was given,
And Angels descending sung praises from heaven.
Such light and such peace from the Day-spring on high;
Were quickly reflected from earth to the sky.
Each soul blest with hope of remission of sins,
Light cheers, and the praises of heaven begins;
Christ, born for Redemption, has died for our race,
Heav'n offers blest mansions for children of grace.

---

## GREAT CHARACTERS.

Great men, are like rivers, whose waters display,
Expansion and depth as they move on their way.
Obedient rivers their boundaries keep,
paying a debt which they owe to the deep.

Great Washington thus obey'd, duty required,
Expanding in greatness till nature expired,
With greatness of wisdom and virtu e's increase,
With due resignation departed in peace.
Examples of greatness, young friends are for you,
Lo wisdom forms channels which youth may pursue,
Conducting like streams to the ocean their home
Heav'n guides pious souls through the depths of the tomb.

---

## BEAUTY OF THE PLANETS.

Most beautiful order the Planets display,
As moved by an impulse divine,
Revolving, returning, their Maker obey,
Yet various in lustre they shine.

So mortals, when thus like the Planets they move,
Serenely majestic appear,
Attract and inspire admiration and love,
Resemble the heavenly sphere.
Good souls with good order for ever must be
Engaging to every eye,
New charms thus unfolding here mortals may see,
The beauty that beams in the sky.

## THE YOUTHFUL MOURNER.

Time, youth, life and death, pass and never return!
Heav'n calls some to die, and the living to mourn!
Our fathers, and relative friends, where are they?
Moved down like a stream as it passes away.
Alas my loved friends, my fond relatives lost!
Sweet smiling as blossoms cut down by a frost!
Remembrance awakes for companions of joy,
United by ties death alone could destroy,
No distance of time can their mem'ry remove,
Nor nature restore those dear objects of love:
Eternity's ocean their spirits receive,
Life endless is theirs, while on earth I must grieve.
So deep, so profound is my sorrow forlorn,
With losses of friends from my bosom now torn,
Hope scarcely can promise an end of these tears,
Each thought casts a gloom on my juvenile years!
Entombed are my kindred once dear to my eyes,
Life cannot return till Christ comes in the skies:
Eternity's Heralds shall wake their long sleep,
Rais'd glorious for heav'n where no mourners shall weep.

## VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

Musical Instruments, aided by voices,
Exquisite pleasure in mortals inspires;
Here calm and peaceful the spirit rejoices,
Envy subdued and forgotten retires.
Truth, sweetly sung in the songs of devotion,
Anger from raging soft Music restrains;
Binding, as continents bind up the ocean,
Each evil spirit in permanent chains.
Lovely is music in praise of salvation,
Saints feel that Music can passions controul;
Heaven thus commences in anticipation,
Infinite glory begins in the soul.
Let then each christian with pious endeavour,
Live in the praise of Redemption forever.

---

## HORROR OF WAR AND GLORY OF PEACE.

On pride and ambition rest war and contention,
Life yields the meek christian no joy in dissension,
In war man resembles his ancestor Cain:
Vindictive in conflict—in triumph vain glorious,
Entombing his brother, returning victorious,
Renown blows her trump for his thousands of slain.

Peace, glorious to mortals, the Saviour has
brought us,
Employments all peaceful his doctrines have
taught us,
And peace-makers promis'd eternal reward:
But cunning and violence still are prevailing,
On strife man is bent,—oft from envy assailing,
Distresses are felt which the just are bewail-
ing,
Yet hoping for peace, the best gift of the Lord.

## THE ACTIVE YOUTH.

High honour awaits active virtuous youth,
Employ'd in things honest and govern'd by
truth;
New sources of wealth from activity rise,
Rest cannot give bread, it no clothing supplies.
Ye youth, while with useful activity blest,
Have actions required that your souls may
have rest.
United exertions make national wealth,
Bring all men abundance with safety and health.
Behold, gain instruction from Bees and from
Ants!
Activity gives them supplies for their wants!
Receive rules of wisdom, ye young and ye
gay,
[illegible]th soon may take all your loved actions
away.

## MOURNING SISTER.

My soul is in mourning for joys lately fled,
A Sister, now laid in the house of the dead!
Remembrance awakes, and the sorrow returns,
Yet hope shows a rainbow where memory mourns.
While mourning for virtues she living possest,
With faith I behold her in mansions of rest,
Enrobed in white garments she sings in the skies,
Like angels adoring—reproving my sighs.
Cease then, O my sorrow, that weeps o'er her sod,
Heav'n offers a rest for the people of GOD.

---

## SACRED SONNET.

Psalms, Hymns and Songs of sacred love;
Sung most by saints one day in seven,
Allure the thoughts to things above,
Lead humble souls to sigh for heaven.

Melodious songs attune all hearts
Serenely calm, soft raptures rise;
Angelic strain! thy charm imparts,
New love of GOD, which never dies.

Divine the hope the sound inspires!
Here blest I would forever stay!
Ye angels lend celestial fires,
More kindling raptures in the lay:
New ecstacies shall thus be given,
Seraphic joys, like joy in heaven.

---

## INNOCENT PLEASURES.

May innocent pleasures and sports,
Attend you with juvenile friends,
Resorting where pleasure resorts,
Your limits where virtue extends.

From envy, and falsehood, and strife,
Retreat when you find out their home;
A friend to the pleasures of life,
Near friends of the false will not come.
Contentious and envious friends,
Encircle the innocent fair;
So happiness oftentimes ends,
Condemn'd by the false to despair.
Have innocence ever in view,
On friends turn sweet charity's eye;
A friend is thus certain to you,
Till innocent friendship shall die,
Endear'd till friends meet in the sky.

## A DEPARTED FRIEND.

*Sacred to the memory of Eliza M. Welch.*

Memory mourns a friend departed,
Angel like of purest mind,
Reason's scholar, noble hearted,
Yet in duty meek and kind.

Lovely like the light of morning,
Beauty beam'd resplendent there;
Rising smiles each scene adorning,
In the circle of the Fair.
Call'd by Him who gave such merit,
Kindly yielded what was given,
Enter'd worlds where saints inherit,
Triumphs with their Lord in heaven.

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## CONSTANT LOVE.

Constant love, like constant nature,
Has a charm for every heart:
All abhor a faithless traitor,
Untold woes his ways impart.
No vast distance of a lover,
Can suppress affection's sigh,
Each sends thoughts that distance over,
Yea as light's swift arrows fly,

Reason smiles as youth and beauty,
On fond nature's basis join:
Wisdom triumphs when in duty,
Each who loves, has love divine.

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WINDS OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.

All winds have their causes in currents of heat,
Made suddenly, often spread ruin complete!
As heat reigns unequal cold air rushes in,
Storms, whirlwinds, tornadoes, and tempests
begin:
A scene most tremendous must meet mortal
eyes,
When GOD in his wrath bids His hurricanes
rise,
Exhibiting vast irresistible sway,
Like thunders and earthquakes their Maker
display.
Come youth, seek your GOD, ere to death
you are hurl'd,
He rides on the wings of the winds round the
world.

## MUSIC.

Eternal as truth is the Music of nature,
Like light, it was form'd at creation's great birth;
Its sound was first heard to applaud the Creator,
Zephyrus and Orpheus proclaim'd it on earth.
A system of worlds everlasting in motion,
Preserve in their orbs a harmonious round,
Each planet that rolls has a song of devotion,
And time takes his step to march on with the sound.
Behold the great universe moving in beauty,
O'er nature's vast systems all sing and rejoice;
Divinely instructing each mortal in duty,
Yea calls him to praise with his musical voice.

The music of praise is man's noblest employment,
How lovely the sounds that can passion control!
Uniting in music is virtue's enjoyment,
Religion thus feels the delight of her soul.
Sweet, sweet is such music in family union,
Till piety kindles and ecstacies rise,
O music, by thee saints commence a communion,
New foretaste of glory prepared in the skies.

## SYLVIA GRIDLEY.

Solitude yields me a rest so long needed,
Yields me a peace so long sought for unheeded;
Love has no strife here to wound my sad heart;
Virtue here weeps for remembrance of sorrow,
Injuries felt, I shall feel not to-morrow,
Anguish here smiles at cold death's coming dart.

God of all mercy, remember my daughters,
Rest I must find in the deep rolling waters,
In thy protection, O let them repose.
Deal with them kindly, and grant them thy blessing,
Long since torn from me, my bosom distressing,
Each disallow'd when I needed caressing;
Yield them thy peace, and preserve them from woes.

---

## REWARD OF THE FAITHFUL.

Had I an angel's tongue to speak,
And all the merit mortals seek,
Regardless of such worth divine,
Reproach from others might be mine,
In Christ our Saviour, lo what cries,
Of "crucify him"—till he dies,
Till by his power divine he rose,

Redeeming, saving, sinful foes,
Uniting pardon with his love,
Grace shedding as he rose above!
Give then thy heart to him dear child,
Love him who loves with love so mild,
Eternal love shall soon reward,
Such faithful souls as seek the Lord.

---

## MARBLEHEAD PATRIOTISM.

The hundreds of widows which bravery has made,
Still sigh at the sound of the surge;
Those waters that wail where their husbands are laid,
Make rocks echo moans to their dirge!

But while with the waves widow'd mourners repine,
And swell the sad breeze as they mourn;
Their tide-rising grief is unequal to mine,
For joys that will never return.

How vain mourning mortals, these sighs and these tears,
For losses in friendship and love!
Eternity's ocean before us appears
To waft us to glory above.

## BALM FOR A WOUNDED SPIRIT.

Man sold under sin, mourns his sad desolation,
And weeps for the sins and the sorrows he feels,
Religion alone then affords consolation,
Yields balm for the wounds which it soothes and it heals.
Love then, more than life, the Redeemer's compassion,
Eternal realities prove the best fashion,
And promise the sinner a heavenly home:
Vain mortal repent, ere in sin you are older,
In death the soul's tenement shortly will moulder,
Till Christ and his angels shall burst the cold tomb,
That virtue renew'd may in Paradise bloom.

---

## DILIGENCE.

Mortals must live by industrious means,
All must have toil in life's various scenes,
Riches arise from the diligent hand,
Yielding the fruit and the fat of the land.

Beauty itself must by diligence live,
Reason requires that we earn what we give,
Offspring of duty, and handmaid of love,
Wisdom, in love will this virtue approve,

## THE SEA-ENTOMBED LOVER.

The ocean's bosom will forever keep,
His lovely form whose mem'ry bids me weep;
On my loved bosom he reclines no more,
My sighs now murmur where we smil'd before!
A fond memorial in my mourning heart,
Shall live while motion can a pulse impart;
Death only can suspend my growing gloom,
While winds and waves bewail his watery tomb.
Each wave that comes to kiss the constant land,
Such thrills recall as felt the parting hand.
Commingling waves remind me as they move,
Of calm pure joys once mine with mutual love:
My mourning soul by faith enlighten'd eyes,
Beholds pure love so living in the skies.

---

## HEARSAY.

By Hearsay half mankind are led,
Each trusts in something some one said,
Thus knaves the fools mislead:
Such love to hear that others fall,
Enjoy a feast in faults of all,
Yet truth none seek nor read.

So virtue, Hearsay sinks to scorn,
Truth leaves the victim thus forlorn,
E'en Charity thus dies;
Eternal truth, report outweighs,
Life's hope of peaceful happy days,
Ends only in the skies.

---

MOURNING WIDOW.

By sin came our death by the sentence of God
Establish'd with sorrow in justice divine;
Tears follow the strokes of adversity's rod,
Such sorrows none feel like the sorrows of mine.
Each night brings its tears for my nature distress'd,
Ye friends, O have pity for friends I have lost!
Cold, cold are their forms lately warm to my breast,
Cut down like sweet flowers, or as plants by a frost.
Love lives in remembrance when loveliness dies!
By Christ, and by grace, I may meet you above;
Your souls must be living with love in the skies.

## TIME, NATURE AND GRACE.

For Timothy Gridley, aged 81½ years.

Time rolls along, and nature feels a Spring,
In time man feels no second Spring return:
Man lives till life can no new comforts bring,
On joys long past, he ponders but to mourn.
Truth shows, through faith, a peaceful world to come,
Heaven offers joy to wipe away these tears;
Yet mortals find it only through the tomb,
Grace points the way,—defends the soul from fears.
Religion soothes the sorrows of the soul,
In nature's struggles when the body dies,
Divinely aids, as time's last moments roll,
Love leads the parting spirit to the skies.
Each saint may smile when death to glory brings,
Yield life in peace to praise the King of Kings.

---

## THE PARTING FAREWELL.

Solemn as death is our parting with friends!
Ah, the "farewell" shows how happiness ends!
Love lives to day, but to-morrow we die!
O, the last look, brings a tear and a sigh!
Memory recalls friends I once bid adieu,
Each long beloved, dear Salome, like you.

Pass'd as a stream, thus my friends pass'd away,
Ending life's joys, like ours ended to day ;
Countless the number of those that so sleep,
Kindred now leaving me, leave me to weep.

---

## THE NEW MOON.

Had Sun Moon and stars moved with self regulation,
In strife, like mankind, they would spread desolation,
Revenging some wrong for some right in collision,
Approaches too near, might bring war for decision,
Man, mark that new Moon, ever subject to changes,
Renewals of face no affection estranges,
O mortals, must we midst such light be benighted ?
By deeds done in darkness and strife be delighted ?
Each planet that moves keeps in justice due distance,
Receives no injustice requiring resistance.
Then we, like that Moon, should have rules for behaviour,

Such orderly love has been taught by our Saviour,
On changes like Moons, love should stop all disorders;
New light thus might rise, and more peace in our borders.

---

BENEVOLENCE.

Most blessed are souls by benevolence led,
Awaken'd by pity for others in grief;
Rewards are with GOD when the hungry are fed,
Yea gratitude's tears half repay for relief.
No treasures of wealth can such pleasure afford,
Such peace as attends the benevolent heart;
A hope till a gracious compassionate Lord,
Receives into joy where the selfish depart.
Great joy in two worlds the true christian receives,
Each soul that relieves the least children of God!
News hears when the Judge the last terror relieves,
Thus enters with joy to the Saviour's abode.

### SALVATION BY GRACE.

By grace is salvation, none can himself save,
Each mortal by nature to sin is a slave,
Till GOD by his spirit the soul shall renew,
Send sight to the blind, when old things become new;
Enjoyments unending thus sweetly begin,
Yield peace which none know who are sold under sin.
Rejoice, O ye christians, in Jesus your friend,
United to Christ you have peace without end.
Souls when so renew'd, know their great Shepherd's voice,
They hear, they pursue, and in heaven rejoice.

---

### SALVATION IS OF THE JEWS.

Salvation to Gentiles is first of the Jews,
A people dispersed who their Lord would refuse.
Must Gentiles, like Jews, now reject the great GOD,
Until for their crimes they are scatter'd abroad?
Earth sees in the Jews a vast miracle stand,
Let Gentiles take warning in every land.
Repentance with pray'r, and in faith in God's word
[illegible]te humble souls in sweet love with the Lord.

Such souls ever pray that Christ's spirit be given,
Till earth shall become like the kingdom of heaven.

---

## COLUMBUS AND LA FAYETTE.

"GOD said, let there be light: and there was light,"
Earth's darkness fled—GOD made his children free:
Now power, like Cain's, soon brought oppression's night,
Each son, like Abel, must submit or flee.
Round Europe, Asia, Africa, and Isles,
All nations suffer'd—few with Freedom blest:
Like heaven with angels Liberty with smiles,
Led two to aid her empire in the west,
America, inspired Columbus saw,
Fayette, like him, inspired, has cross'd the deep,
Alike have aided Liberty with Law;
Yet both in tyrant's chains been made to weep.
Eternal honours gather round each name,
Their glories bid the pride of Monarch's cease;
The loved Fayette partakes Columbia's fame,
Endear'd he comes—sees Freedom reign in peace.

## EQUALITY.

Equality's laws were design'd for our race,
Laws equal to all from Mount Sinai were given!
In Christ, all are equal by gifts of His grace,
Salvation makes equal all fitted for heaven.
As wealth, power and pride, vast distinction have made,
Both joy and contentment from mortals have fled:
Earth mourns as her children each other degrade,
Time soon lays them equally low with the dead.
Heaven comforts the poor where the proud scorn no more,
Like Lazarus carried to Abram's abode!
Endearing is Christ, who regarded the poor!
Eternal and equal are joys with our God.

---

## GLORY OF AMERICA.

America, a nation born,
Now mortals must refine!
Nor has a christian nation worn,
Rights purer—more divine.
Obtain'd this right is from the Lord,
While virtue leads the way;
Eternal God, may thy blest word,
Lead souls to endless day.

## HURRY OF LIFE.

Society safety and rest
Are sounds ever promising peace;
Man will not from hurry be blest,
Until his necessities cease.
Each hurried by progress of time,
Lives hurried in body and mind;
Quite hurried some height still to climb,
Can scarcely a resting place find.
On business which duties impose,
Care wakes us with hurry from sleep;
Hard, hard is our loss of repose,
Resign'd we must labour and weep.
All hasten to death by necessity driven,
None find peaceful rest till they find it in heaven.

---

## DISCRETION.

Let discretion be thy guide,
Under fortune's varying tide;
Cunning, when to duty blind,
Yields few joys to cheer the mind.
Artifice, and base deceit,
Never end with plans complete.
Nature made a cunning fox,

Cunning heads view others blocks.
Owls can plunder in the night,
Cats each other scratch and bite.
Heaven to men discretion gave,
Reason too from strife to save.
Act discretion midst mean strife,
None unwise have endless life.

---

## DECISION OF CHARACTER.

JUDGMENT, decision, when suitably blended,
Over vast troubles will bear a great soul;
Hardship and toil have from Adam descended,
None without firmness can fortune controul.
Artifice often combined with ambition,
Deals in mean tricks which the honest despise.
Avarice leads some without deep contrition,
Mischief to follow which fortitude tries.
Such is man's which requires his decision,
Cunning to meet, much decision requires:
Only by firmness in claims of collision,
Can we gain justice till mischief retires.
Heaven sends us trials of various nature,
Riches bring care both at home and abroad:
All should decide how to serve the Creator,
None should forsake sincere worship of GOD.

## PATIENCE.

Much patience is wanted in passing through life,
All need it while chain'd to the world with its strife,
Religion herself, though she patient appears,
Yet often bewails its defects with her tears.

Keep Christ in your view if your patience has fled,
"In patience possess ye your souls," Jesus said;
Meek, patient in suffering, in life and in death,
Breathed pity and pardon till life's latest breath.
As trials of patience by mortals are given
Let patience conduct the calm spirit to heaven.

---

## WILLING DUTY.

Eternally God has ordain'd,
Pride shall not have joy without care;
High honours by toil are obtain'd,
Rise, youth, take your relative share.
A youth reconciled to his lot,
In duty to parent's and friends,
Makes peace smile in every spot;
Unspeakable pleasure attends.
Praise-worthy is every youth,
Held firmly by dutiful love;
A soul thus by heavenly truth,
May hope for more blessings above.

## ÆOLUS'S HARP.

Rising zephyrs softly blowing,
Ever please us through the year;
But the gales with music flowing
Even soothe a savage ear.
Chilling winds, the wintry season
Can with harps displease no more,
Absent minds and wandering reason,
Harps Æolian soon restore.
Once the sons of Israel weeping
Play'd such murmuring sounds as these,
Kept in mind their brethren sleeping
(In the dust) by every breeze.
Nothing ever can discover,
Sounds like these so soft and sharp;
Sure 'tis like a mourning lover;
Elegant Æolian harp.

---

## MODESTY.

Every heart respecting others,
Strives with modesty to please;
True respect self honour some others,
Honour pays for other's ease.
Equal love to merit due,
Reverence gains from worth to you.

Heaven's great law requires this duty,
Oh, the charm of modest love!
Love with modesty and beauty,
Trims the lamp for light above.

---

## HUMAN AND DIVINE LOVE.

Mortals suffer earthly sorrow,
All some disappointments know;
Reason need not fiction borrow,
Truth displays a world of woe.
Here are false deceitful hearted,
Angels dwell not with the flesh:
Sorrow falls where love departed,
Anguish wrings the heart afresh!
Virtue weeps with heart dejected,
Over false departed friends;
Raises sighs for love neglected,
Yields, and mourns till nature ends.

Sweet is love when met returning,
I would thus forever live;
Now this lamp, so trim'd and burning,
Can pure light forever give.
Love's sweet rays when so united,
Are as beams in morning skies;
If love's lamp by heaven be lighted,
Rises there and never dies.

## THOUGHTS OF HOME.

Like joys that are past are the thoughts of our
home,
Unpleasant from changes by years as they roll,
Conveying away those we love to the tomb,
Yet dear to the mem'ry though sad to the soul.
Death still is a King that so loves weeping eyes!
No victim returns when the spirit has fled;
On Christ is our hope, that the dead shall arise;
Redemption throws light through the house of
the dead.
Then those who seek peace should the Saviour
adore,
Heaven offers a home where all tears are no
more.

---

## STARRY HEAVENS.

Over all this vast creation,
Let us turn a wondering eye;
In our evening contemplation,
View the glories of the sky.
Every star shows some Creator,
Luna's changes wonder raise;
Endless are the charms of nature,
When we stop,—admire—and gaze.
If men ask, "does GOD still live?"
Stars and planets answers give.

## MERCY.

Mercy of God, through his Son sent salvation,
All who love mercy, his mercy may find;
Rich in his mercy for every nation
Truth is like sunbeams to gladden their eyes.
How then can cruel unmerciful mortals,
Ask of their Saviour forgiveness of sins?
Full of confusion, arrived at heaven's portals,
Under God's justice their torment begins:
Let us love God, walking humbly before him,
Love works of mercy, repent and be wise:
Each thus through mercy in heaven may adore him,
Rest from their labours with peace in the skies.

---

## ADDEN LEWIS.

Arts of mankind may forever improve,
Duty impels us those arts to pursue;
Diligence may almost mountains remove,
Industry gains what to virtue is due.
Negligence gives neither honour nor wealth,
Loveliness dwells on activity's brow;
Exercise yields us both pleasure and health,
Wisdom no honour to sloth will allow.
Illness and age bring inaction like mine,
Science and wealth may they ever be thine

## FEMALE EDUCATION.

Men by female education,
Are in manners much improved;
Rising youth in every station,
Taught by mothers are beloved.
Hence our country is distinguish'd,
As a people in each son:
Wisdom will not be extinguish'd,
Under females well begun.
Piety, the best of knowledge,
Has best flourish'd by the fair;
Arts, well taught in every College,
Must not with their skill compare.

---

## LOVE OF KNOWLEDGE.

Love of learning is unending,
Ever as a circles line,
Onward pressing still ascending,
New with joy on things divine.
All can see a GOD of nature,
Read Him in his works and ways,
Death, by fear, proves our Creator,
Proves a GOD we ought to praise.
Rise, ye youth, with prayer unceasing,
Ask of GOD to be more wise:
Thus shall knowledge be increasing,
Till you know Him in the skies.

## DANGERS OF LIFE.

Danger attends all our toil for subsistence,
Art cannot save us when death draweth nigh;
Vain is the hope of long earthly existence,
Innocence lost, God has said, "thou shalt die!"
Deep and unsearchable is our Creator,
Justice and judgment inhabit his throne
Man dies by God's laws, call'd by pride laws of nature
On Mercy, in dangers, is safety alone.
Repose here in peace, in each dangerous station,
Grace, by the Redeemer, still safety can give;
A soul ever trusting in Christ for salvation,
Now hears a sweet voice, "though you die, you shall live."

---

## RETIREMENT.

Midst crowded towns, and busy city's noise,
A soul of contemplation parts with joys,
Take bustling business ye who love the scene,
I love retirement near some fields of green,
Love, care and business, reign alternate there,
Divide attention, each distinct I share,
A nurse for wisdom solitude supplies,
Can aid pure thoughts where folly's fashion flies.

Wisdom herself deserts the noisy throng,
Her footsteps there will never tarry long.
If duty calls me there, I freely go,
Then soon retire, for wisdom teaches so.
Thus would I dwell, beneath retirement's shade,
Each day from morn till western sunbeams fade,
More feasts of soul than hurried cities give,
On food substantial, more refresh'd I live.
Religion thus can shed her peaceful ray,
Eternal truth thus leads to endless day.

---

## PAPER.

With paper, man's wisdom is mostly display'd,
In letters, on Paper, much love is convey'd;
Love travels on paper with every Mail,
Like sunbeams, to darkness, where doubts may prevail.
In friendship, in business, in records of State,
All contracts on paper must stand with the great.
Most permanent proof must on paper appear,
Law founds her best justice on evidence here.
Each truth of the Bible on paper is given,
With paper rise ladders like Jacob's to heaven,
If Angels on paper should write sins we love,
Such proof might exclude us from mansions above.

### A MERRIMACK LANDSCAPE.

How lovely that landscape appears,
Across the sweet Merrimack's stream!
No charm more the traveller cheers,
New vales glow with summer's warmbeam,
A prospect delighting the eyes,
Has beauty diminishing woe;
Suppresses my murmuring sighs,
Upbraids me for tears as they flow.
Perceiving the river in view,
Here pleasant from hills in the west,
All else I could soon bid adieu,
Make *Bow* prove my last earthly rest.

---

### LOVE AND GRACE.

Jesus the Saviour expired with compassion,
Offer'd himself for the sins of our race!
How then can mortals by misguided fashion,
Now reject offers of love and of grace?

Love so divine bids us love one another,
Each should love GOD, and his neighbours and friends;
Wisdom tells man to assist his poor brother,
Infinite love with humanity blends,
Steady as time, which eternity ends.

## LIFE OF INNOCENCE.

Engaging in innocent business of farming,
Puts envy and malice at rest with each neighbour;
He thus by hard toil is no rival alarming,
Requited, if God only blesses his labour.
A man so employ'd is increasing man's treasure;
Increasing supplies for all men in existence;
Man's rest thus is sweet, while he eateth with pleasure,
Uniting with duty, best means of subsistence.
Peace dwells with the Farmer while fields he is tilling,
Here smiles the fair prospect of peace with his neighbours,
A hope cheers his toil while his barns he is filling,
Man's best hope is God to reward honest labours.

---

Sympathy wakes for distress like our own;
Envy seeks sorrow, and makes it alone.
Love is eternal, when love is divine:
Avarice has triumph'd and kill'd what was mine:
Hope of revival forever is lost,
Hunger may come, and may pinch like a frost;

Injury felt adds a sting to distress;
Gratitude dies for the friends who oppress:
Liberty lives, but though free, still I mourn,
Equity weeps for my sorrows forlorn.
Youth may learn lessons in time to be wise,
Mercy and love live alone in the skies.
Eloquence shrinks where the wicked have pow
er,
Reason may die in adversity's hour,
Rust may corrupt what a false one may steal,
Infamy reign for the wrongs which I feel:
Language is lost, living hopes still arise,
Life as it ends may give peace in the skies.

---

## KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

High as heaven is truth divine,
Ask philosophy to tell;
None can show it by a line,
Not more vastly deep is hell.
Ah how great is GOD in love!
How unspeakable his grace!
Ever grateful may we prove,
May we find his dwelling place.
Each who asks "what can we do?"
Righteousness should seek below,
You may thus GOD'S glory know.

## SONNET TO SINCERITY AND CONSTANCY.

Earth and all things live by motion,
Live still changing like the air;
Islands feel the rolling ocean,
Zephyrs ever moving there.
All these movements o'er creation,
Prove a constant power to move,
Teach our race in each relation,
Nature's path in constant love.
Oh that man in constant duty,
Reason's constant voice would hear!
Wisdom's ways are bright as beauty,
On the view of souls sincere.
One sincere in faith and love,
Death conducts to realms above.

---

## INFANT DAYS.

Sweet as blossoms of the spring,
Are the charms of infant minds;
Reason's buds unfolding bring,
Acts, like wreaths which love entwines.
Happy days of sport and rest,
Artless, free from care and woes!
None are so entirely blest,
None enjoy such sweet repose

Passions soon begin to rise,
Hold dominion in our hearts;
Innocence, like Eden's flies,
Lets in sin till life departs.
Lovely days of peace and rest,
In life's garden's earliest bloom!
Peace makes all completely blest,
Scatters roses round the tomb.

---

## FEMALE EXCELLENCE.

How favour'd is Woman God's last labour done!
And favour's she is in the gift of his Son!
Resembles an angel, when truly she loves,
Resembles a God, when by virtues she moves!
Immortal in spirit—returns to the dust,
On Jesus relies, as her heavenly trust,
To meet her Redeemer, her friend on the earth,
Joins angels in praise for Emmenuel's birth,
Rejoices with songs for the Lamb that was slain,
O'er death triumphs there, free from sorrow and pain.
Let praise, O ye fair, then forever ascend,
Life endless is yours, if the Lord is your friend,
In gratitude, then, let your praise here be given,
No friend is like Christ, on the right hand heaven.

## COMMERCE.

HEAV'N scatters some blessings in every place,
Unequal, however, to wants of our race;
Men therefore must gather what nature has made,
Prepare then by art for those wants in free trade,
He usefully lives who his talent employs,
Receiving,—distributing source of man's joys.
Employment in Commerce for wants of mankind,
Yields social enjoyments with feelings refined,
Commercial concerns on necessity's base,
Have form'd a fine fabric of peace for our race:
Opinions of Statesmen the Merchant can sway,
And Warriors for gain will put warfare away.
Thus Commerce both war with its causes may end,
Each nation for trade make a nation its friend.
Christianity thus, where the vast ocean rolls,
On Commerce depends for salvation of souls;
Great gain for two worlds thus by Commerce unite,
Salvation, by Commerce diffuses her light:
When these are united in mutual aid,
Each nation is bless'd by the blessing of trade,
Let all then deal justly, in all GOD has given,
Be honest in gain, gain the Kingdom of heaven.

## THE RIVER.

The Merrimac river in view,
Has duty forever assign'd;
One duty, its course to pursue,
Moves on, with much running refined.
A river is paying a debt,
Still due for supplies from the sea:
A share of what made the earth wet,
Undoubtedly clouds convey'd free.
Pursuing this mutual round,
Has purification convey'd:
All men should in duty be found,
Man was not for self only made.

---

## MATRIMONY.

Substantial as nature is wedlock ordain'd,
Uniting fond hearts in reciprocal love;
Such love and such kindness when pure and unfeign'd,
Are blessings like those which are promis'd above.
No joys against nature's fix'd laws can endure,
New sorrows arise from each devious way:
Affections connubial both constant and pure,
Have pleasures which last in frail nature's decay.

Remember, ye youth, how uncertain is life,
Our wandering ways must be follow'd by pain!
Great blessings attend the true husband and wife,
Eternal realities prove the best gain.
Receive then advice from a friend that must die,
Seek joys that are pure, and seek glories on high.

---

## TRUE WISDOM.

A child of true wisdom will love the Creator,
Beginning with fear, His commandments will love,
Avoiding the strife of the children of nature,
Grace leads each wise mortal to live like a dove.
All glorious the Saviour, who offer'd salvation
In suffering, atoning, for sins of mankind!
Let none then reject His divine Revelation,
Confined to no sect to no country confined;
O wond'rous Redemption, designed for all mortals!
Let mortals accept it who wish to be wise;
Believers alone enter heaven's high portals,
Tea share the felicity found in the skies.

## CONSTANCY.

Judicious and sensible beings agree,
And constancy ever approve:
Mankind with a frown universally see,
Each mortal inconstant in love,
Smiles ever adorn the loved face of the Fair,
Blest always with constant kind friends;
Reverse but the picture sweet loveliness there,
Inconstancy cruelly ends.
Contentment resides with the constant and kind,
Kept living in bosoms of love:
Each constant and faithful in duty will find,
Truth guides faithful spirits above.

---

## DIGNITY OF CHARACTER.

Near dignity's side many virtues must stand,
And wisdom support with a firm steady hand;
No folly nor weakness the world will allow,
Care ruled by discretion, brings honour to bow.
Each word, and each action, due prudence must guard,
Youth dignified thus, may reap virtue's reward.
Misfortunes may fall, which the guilty might crush,
Can never make virtue and dignity blush.

On poverty's touch they while feeling neglect,
Claim only what friendship will pay with respect.
Heav'n often ordains that the best be most tried;
Rich proud ones forget how the Saviour has died.
All then should shun folly's undignified strife,
Nor fail to seek Him who has died to save life.

---

## FRIENDSHIP.

Joy, mingled with Friendship may lessen life's woe,
As rivers commingling delightfully flow;
New streams give new strength as united they move,
Enlarging they flow like pure friendship with love.

By laws thus establish'd from GOD, whence they come,
A river flows on to the Ocean its home.
Youth thus should unite, true and constant as time,
Like streams, kindly flowing, in every clime:
Each faithful, in friendship's sweet current should blend,
Yet friendly to Christ, who has love without end.

## PUNCTUALITY.

See fashion's sway corrupt the rising youth!
"Owe no man any thing," is Gospel truth!
Paul taught this law, as wisdom from above,
He taught the Romans thus, with equal love.
I see some thousands who this law have lost,
As from this cause forgetting "bills of cost,"
Bring Sheriffs on then, like Egyptian frogs,
See persons seiz'd, whom Justice tries and flogs.
My heart still loves that heavenly law, as good,
I lately saw one who it understood;
Then may that soul by whom that proof is given,
Have joy and honour with the blest in heaven.

---

## REMEMBER YOUR FRIEND.

Love once enkindled never dies,
On friendship's food remembrance lives;
United long by friendly ties,
Is joy more fix'd than fortune gives.
Such friends when absent far away,
As plants, revive by dews and rain,
May find a feast for every day,
One thought revives pure love again.
Remember then your absent friend,

Give one fond thought on friendship past;
Attachments thus shall never end,
Nor fail to please while life shall last.

---

MECHANIC ARTS.

Judicious is he who joins labour with science,
On rules which experience has founded his art;
Secure of a living—his skill his reliance,
Each labouring hand is improving the heart.
O, the sound of the hammer,
Will silence the clamour,
Of creditor's tongues.

Peace, peace is his portion for innocent labour,
He gives Agriculture support by his aid;
Enjoying its blessings he injures no neighbour,
No citizen suffers by arts of his trade.
O, the sound of the hammer,
Will silence the clamour,
Of creditor's tongues.

O, rich are the blessings of honest employment,
Yea blest Independence may prove his reward;
Endeavours in usefulness end in enjoyment,
Saints ever thus hope for their rest with the Lord.
O, there is sweet enjoyment,
With peaceful employment,
Which GOD will approve.

## SCIENCE.

Mortals, view each branch of science!
Each, improvements still extend;
Here perfection bids defiance,
Each a circle without end.
Trace what steam may yet discover,
Ask of Fulton on the waves?
Be far from that bullet mover,
Lest our Perkins give you graves!
End your hopes of endless motion,
Catch at Bennet's art to fly!
O, eternity's great ocean,
Comes o'erwhelms the learned die.
Here ends earthly pride and knowledge,
Rest is for ambition given!
Arts may flourish in a College,
None know all, but saints in heaven.

---

## A MOTHER'S CARE.

Joy unchanging heaven refuses,
All must some misfortunes share:
None can live as fancy chooses,
Endless is a Mother's care.
None are free from some distresses,
Love itself may die away;
Each fond child needs new caresses;

Wisdom's children go astray.
If all knew a Mother's care,
Some would sink in deep despair.

---

## CELIBACY.

Joy beam'd through the world when a woman was made,
On finishing her, God's creation was stayed;
His last best performance was follow'd by rest,
New joys flow'd to man as the gift he posses'd.

Thrones, kingdoms, and sceptres, a woman may move,
In man's vast concerns he a woman will love;
Then where flies his wisdom when man shuns the fair,
Celibacy chooses, and languishes there?
O, nature revolts at that station from choice!
Man listen to nature and follow her voice;
Be fixed as a planet one circle to go,
Be not as a comet whose way none can know;
Uncertain unwelcome in visits when made,
Retiring unlamented to regions of shade;
No joys against nature yield lasting delight,
He only is happy who aims to live right,
Aspires to procure for himself and a friend,
Most lasting delight that may live without end.

## THE STEADY YOUTH.

Just as the planets move on high,
Each moves with order round the sky,
So man by rule should move;
Such rule so order'd of the Lord,
Ends in a lasting rich reward,
A wife of faithful love.

Much is he like an Angel blest,
Once of a worthy wife possess'd,
Rewards life's toilsome days;
Grace now should seal the nuptial tie,
And GOD may give them in the sky,
New songs of joy and praise.

---

## FRIENDSHIP.

"Society, friendship and love,"
Are blessings on earth to enjoy:
Let friends then in faithfulness move,
Lest falsehood these blessings destroy.
Ye mortals, with friendship so blest,
Peace dwells in the Saviour's abode;
Religion affords you a rest,
A rest for the people of GOD.
Then friendship with GOD seek in earnest to day,
This friendship shall flourish and fade not away,

## THE SMILE OF HOPE.

A husband leaving his wife on a distant voyage.

Hope supports, and yields enjoyment,
Ev'n when leaving friends in love:
New in hopes man seeks employment,
Reconciled to rest or rove.
Yes in hope of GOD's protection,
Home in prospect seems restored;
Union with increased affection,
Blest with mercies from the Lord.
Blessed GOD, O lend assistance,
Anguish pours the parting tear,
Rule events of time and distance,
Death through faith we need not fear.

---

## TRIUMPH OF LIBERTY.

George Washington's son, by adoption; in Thee
Each son of Columbia now hails thee where free!
On GOD, on thy Father and Washington hung,
Republican glory which Freedom has sung.
Give praise to our GOD that America blest,
Eternal Republics may hold in the west.

With souls so inspired by a heavenly power,
America hoped in adversity's hour:
She fought as by Moses and Joshua led;
Heaven blest the hard struggle and Tyranny fled.
In perilous times thy loved Father appear'd,
New aid blest a land where Fayette is revered.
GOD blest such relief Freedom's triumphs complete,
To sons of her son, Freedom offers a seat.
O may our loved country hereafter behold,
New sons in her temples—like Sparta's as bold.

Let Liberty's trump sound till time has an end,
America's fame, by your Father, her friend,
Forever America's gratitude flows,
As often as history speaks of her foes,
Yields homage from hearts to her loved La Fayette,
Equality, Liberty, Justice, have met.
Teach Europe our blessings when there you return,
(Tell cautiously, where they such blessings will spurn;)
Eternally here, fires of Freedom may burn.

## INDEPENDENCE.

Join, patriots, join our grateful song,
Each swelling voice the sound prolong,
Reward with praise the brave:
Enraged Brittannia in late strife,
Made Liberty receive new life,
Yet Tyranny a grave.

See Independence now return,
New fires on Freedom's altars burn,
On days of Freedom's birth:
Ye Heroes brave in battle first,
Enkindled glory from your dust,
Sheds lustre round the earth.

---

## TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

See nature around us philosophy teach!
A river below us seems wisdom to preach!
Life passes with us and our friends like a stream,
Like bubbles we vanish, our joys like a dream:
Yet Christ the Philosopher, comforts us here,
Upholds us, like Peter, when sinking with fear.
Philosophy true, in the Gospel is found,
Here Hope pours her light amidst darkness around.

A youth thus with fortitude crosses the wave,
Midst dangers that threaten a watery grave,

---

## FRUGALITY

We toil in obediance to mandates from GOD,
In arts which are useful or tilling earth's sod;
Live toiling, or want will come on like a frost,
Live gathering "up fragments that nothing be lost."
If frugal, with toil, man is commonly blest,
Abides in GOD's law, and may hope for his rest:
Mankind who are frugal may plenty expect,
Keep Christ's great command, nothing lose by neglect;
If plenty appears by a miracle wrought,
More gratitude still should inspire every thought,
By gratitude shown in frugality's ways,
All give the great giver some tokens of praise.
Let all then be frugal of time in all things,
Live constant in praise to the Great King of Kings.

## BIRTH OF CHRIST.

Earth and heav'n sung Man's salvation,
Union graced the Saviour's birth;
News of peace to every nation,
Is the song of heav'n to earth!
Christ and angels to adore him,
Eastern Sages came from far,
Wisdom came with gifts before him,
Came where stood bright Bethle'm's star.
Offerings thus the wise were giving,
Love should now our souls employ,
Blest are they who love Christ living,
Yield up life for heavenly joy.

---

## THE LOVELY FEMALE.

Mild, lovely and pleasant the female appears,
Adorn'd with kind smiles that can dissipate fears,
Resembling the rose shedding fragrance around,
Yields sweetness to others where virtues abound.

As rainbows of promise remain with the storm,
Betokening promises GOD will perform,
By promise as sure, are the vows of her love,
One promise, no changes in her ever move,
Till death makes her free in blest mansions above.

## FRIENDLY WISH.

Joy, peace, love and friendship, friends wish you
for life,
On earth may the purest affections remain;
Enjoying life's scenes with a kind loving wife,
Love lives with the pure till by death we are
slain.

Fidelity known, equal love will inspire,
In friendship sincere is delight for the eyes,
Friend's love in sincerity cannot expire;
Eternal is love with the pure in the skies.

---

## PRUDENCE.

No virtue is better than prudence for all,
On prudence we lean lest while standing we
fall;
Religion herself, lest her graces should sleep,
Requires rules of prudence lest straying she
weep.
In all things is prudence essential in life,
Seek prudently then ye who seek for a wife.
By prudence in property fortunes may rise,
Care, labour and prudence a living supplies.
On Prudence has wisdom establish'd her ways,
Concealing such knowledge as folly displays;

Her words are by prudence a fountain of health,
Receives thus her honours from friendship and
wealth,
Away then ye vain ones! the prudent and wise,
Now call on my soul to prepare for the skies.

---

SENSATIONS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Endearing enjoyments depart
Like waters that never return:
In friendship's warm glow of the heart,
Zeal lights a pure lamp that may burn.
All friendship and love when sincere,
No distance nor absence destroys:
One thought of the past brings a tear;
Yet hope paints the future with joys.
Endearing are thoughts of our pleasures though
past,
Such pleasures are precious while nature shall
last.

---

THE SINCERE FRIEND.

Joy rests on a base well secured by a friend,
On this stands a circle we trace without end:
Here hope builds her ladders on promises given,
[illegible]w reaching forever like Jacob's to heaven.

When sorrow oppress us, then friendship [illegible]
cere,
Has balm for the wound, a kind smile for the
tear.
In these we repose till these forms shall decay,
Till beauty, and nature, and time fade away,
Each blest with pure peace everlasting as day.

---

## AGRICULTURE.

No toil is better than to till the earth,
Eternal wisdom proves from Man's first birth:
Had envy never enter'd "*tiller*" Cain,
Each Able might have "*flocks*" and not be
slain;
Most useful toil is that to tillage given,
In fields and flocks man feels the gift of heaven.
All useful arts and means of mortal's peace,
Hence spring, and manufactures may increase.

Mankind can thus their noblest pow'rs improve,
Can thus preserve both innocence and love,
Oh, awful is the scourge of war and rage!
Cain's envy is the plague of every age.
Heaven's law for man is toil with arts of peace;
Religion, pure, bids strife and warfare cease.
Almighty GOD, may arts of peace alone,
Now lead thy sons to glorify thy throne.

## GREATNESS OF ROMULUS.

Such was great Romulus, splendid in fame,
Ancient Rome rose thus to honour his name!
Modern Rome stands where that city was built,
Under whose pow'r so much blood has been spilt!
Ever great Romulus learning will know,
Love his great name while the Tyber shall flow.

Honour was his while he reign'd as a King,
Mild, wise and just, fame his praises shall sing;
As we survey him through history's eye,
Romulus never forgotten can die.
So let each mortal, ambitious for fame,
Have as great virtues, so build a great name,

---

## NATURAL MISFORTUNES.

"Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall."

Misfortunes fall heavy on some of our race,
Afflictions from GOD are no real disgrace:
Respectful compassion the virtuous feel,
Yield pity, the wounds of misfortune to heal.

Afflictions make mortals more humble and wise,
By humbling our pride, we to honour may rise.

By sin all mankind some misfortunes do know,
Of sin came the cause of our death and our woe.
Then let us who need a compassionate GOD,
Unite in those paths which the Saviour has trod,
Pursue ways of kindness compassion and love,
Have mercy like Him who came down from above.
Alleviate grief where misfortunes are given,
Make Christ our example, thus hoping for heaven.

---

## YOUTH LEARNING WISDOM.

"Learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart."
Matthew XI. c. 29. v.

Zion's blest sons saw the loved Son of GOD,
Offer for sinners his life and his blood,
Rise After death,—see the wounds that were given,
Angles, with them, saw Him rise up to heaven.
Blessed are they who can read and believe!
Ask with humility—seek and receive!
Youth from the scriptures may learn to be wise,
Learn of their Lord now enthroned in the skies:
Early then learn ye of Zion's great King,
Ye who his praises with Angels would sing.

## THE LAND OF MY CHOICE.

By a native of Ireland residing in America.

My own native Erin, sweet Isle of the sea!
I cannot forget thee, where Katharine weeps!
Can Europe compared be so precious to me?
Hibernia's loved vales in fond memory kee ps.
America, still is the Land of my choice,
Equality here dwells with Liberty's smiles:
Like blessings can never bid Europe rejoice,
Brittannia suppresses the hope in her Isles!
Rejoice, thou that makest the wilderness sing!
O happy Columbia, with Liberty blest!
Wealth smiles for what labour and commerce can bring,
No land is so fit for the place of my rest.

---

## LOVE RETURNED.

My kindred I love although distant afar,
Each fond recollection awakens new love;
Remembrance still glows like the bright morning star,
Consoling my sorrows wherever I rove.
Your love, my dear Mercy, is pleasant to me,
Gives proof of respect undiminish'd by time!
Receive love returning, like tides of the sea,

Is pure as the fountains that flow in our clim
Delightful is love when it meets a return,
Lives long where kind favours are equally
given;
Enkindled, thus glowing, it ever may burn,
Yield peace while on earth, be made perfect
in heaven.

---

## THE RISING SUN.

Awake ye youth, behold the King of day,
Most glorious comes rejoicing on his way;
On lofty summits darts his radiant beams,
Soon gilds the cities, warms the hills and
streams.
See nature blushes for her nightly tears,
Upbraided thus, the dew-drop disappears.
Placed round yon light, all planets circling run,
How mighty He who made the glorious Sun!
All nature wakes with sunbeams shed abroad,
Man too, should wake, and move, and praise
his GOD.

---

## CHOICE OF FRIENDS.

Good manners may greatly improve,
In friendship with virtuous youth;

Let wisdom the maxim improve,
Make friends of the friends of GOD's truth.
A man wishing pleasure with peace,
Needs virtue in friends or a wife:
Thus virtues united increase,
Each guards against vices and strife.
May these be our rules for a friend,
Enjoin'd in the word of the Lord;
Rich joys thus the Saviour may send,
Yield virtue an endless reward.

---

## HAPPINESS.

*A Sonnet.*

See a world in clouds of sorrow,
As we pass this vale of tears!
Light, is Hope, which shows to morrow,
Like the rainbow, calms our fears.
Youth thus smile in life's gay morning,
Hope, like sunbeams, cheers their eyes;
All see flowers their paths adorning,
Sweet as moonbeams on the skies.
Even age with sorrows deeper,
Lives in hope of joys to come;
Trust in their Almighty keeper,
If they wish a peaceful home.
None are here completely blest,
Endless joy is heavenly rest.

## DESIRED REST.

Ease cannot be felt without suitable rest,
Until the heart ceases to throb in the breast;
New cares yearly come from necessity's call,
Impelling to duty the efforts of all:
Care wakes the fond Mother for Children each day,
Exhausted at last, life itself wears away.
Mankind call'd by want, by ambition or pride,
No rest, lasting find, till in graves they abide.
O glorious that rest which the Gospel now shows,
Ye mortals on grace let impatience repose,
Each weary may rest under earth's resting sod,
Saints hope desired rest with the "people of GOD."

---

## LAW OF NECESSITY.

"*Thou shalt die.*"

See nature exist by necessity's laws,
All being began from our GOD the first cause:
Rocks, rivers, and oceans must stand or must flow,
All planets, all systems, their circles must go,

Those laws which are fix'd, which they all must obey,
Keep on, as appointed, their own destined way.
In matter and motion, conclusions we draw,
Mortality flows from necessity's law.
Be reconciled then, to this law, O ye youth,
Attend to God's law in the word of his truth.
Life must, with life's joy, of necessity end,
Let all then fear GOD, seek the Saviour our friend.

---

## SICKNESS.

"Let patience have her perfect work."

Evils unnumber'd descend upon mortals,
Life like the rose has some thorns with its flowers;
Infinite wisdom from heaven's high portals,
Sickness sent down to give patience new powers.
Ah, were but patience proportioned to sorrow!
Bliss might attend the sad hours when we die!
Eden might bloom with bright hopes of to-morrow,
Time's rapid wings would pour joys as they fly,
*Heaven in bright prospect would smile in the sky.*

Death may arrest with astonishing quickne
Each living mortal, in age and and in youth;
All men are subject to languish in sickness,
Reason and time both establish this truth.
Be ye then ready by faith and repentance,
Onward in duty let each mortal move;
Rest not till sickness brings God's dreadful sentence,
"Nature must die," ere your soul shares his love.

---

## YOUTH'S DISAPPOINTMENTS.

Life offers fair prospects of pleasure to youth,
United with friends known for kindness and truth;
Contentment attends the sweet scenes that appear,
In hope of long friendship, "love casteth out fear."
Now soon disappointments with troubles begin,
Deception and falsehood, the offspring of sin,
Attend youthful prospects, and leave them to mourn,
Like bubbles on waters that never return.
Mild prospects appear as some fair morning's rise,

O'ercast soon with clouds that pour tears from
the skies.
Regard for fine feelings the rude will not pay:
Good prospects of fortune have fail'd in a day.
As trials to youth, disappointments are given,
None faithful to GOD ever fail to find heaven.

---

## FORCE OF HABIT.

All our minds like twigs are bent,
Nature grows there with content;
None in virtue's school well taught,
Can with ease to vice be brought.
Over virtue's firmest soul,
Cunning knaves have small controul.
Hearken then to wisdom's voice,
Read the scriptures as your choice,
Ask for wisdom from above,
Nothing lasts like heavenly love.

---

## SPIRITUAL TROUBLES.

### A Prayer.

Let troubles, O GOD, give us trouble no more,
Once blest with sweet peace, wilt thou blessings
restore,

In union with those who delight in thy word,
Sit down at the Supper, ordain'd of the Lord.

May judgments or mercies be sent as thou will,
On those who hate Him who once died for man's guilt.
Restore us the light of thy reconciled face,
Grant us, and our friends, renew'd gifts of thy grace.
Assist us in praying that sins be forgiven,
Nor leave us to fail of the Kingdom of Heaven.

---

## THE FARMER BLEST IN RAIN AND THUNDER.

Heaven blesses the earth with a fine rainy day,
Increasing the fruits that such blessings convey;
Rest cheers the glad Farmer while blessings increase,
As storms end in smiles from the rainbow of peace.
Most blest is the Farmer while thunders round roll,
Midst storms that may frighten the Mariner's soul.
Kind Providence screens from the lightning's dread blaze,
Now shelter'd and safe he rejoices with praise.

On GOD is his trust amidst dangers that rise,
Xenophon, though learn'd knew not God in the skies.

---

### A BLACKGUARD.

A black-guard is truly the offspring of Cain,
Delighted whenever fine feelings are slain!
As Abel fell down before envy and rage,
Malevolence triumphs, the Cain of the age.

Ah, sad is the punishment, too much to bear,
Now virtue marks Black-guards, neglecting them there,
Despising them still, they are suffer'd to live,
Each murd'rers of peace of some Abel to give!
Vain-glorious survivors of virtue and peace!
Eternal tormenters! their pains never cease.

---

### ACADEMIES.

Much science, young men, may derive from a College,
Academies better give females best knowledge,
Residing and learning with some from a distance,

Young females learn science from female assistance.
New lustre adorns our American nation,
Each soul, like Ann Coffran's, will aid education.
Much splendour now blazes where light lately darted,
Each female instructed, more light has imparted.
Regarding each sex, both here learn human nature,
Youth thus learn to live and adore their Creator.

---

## LAST MOVEMENT AT THE MILL OF THE MUSES.

The Mill of the Muses, the Public's forever,
The last grist is grinding at Exeter-falls;
Its slow wheel moves down to Piscataqua river,
And wealth to vast works of utility calls.

Like Exeter's stream in its silent meanders,
The force dries away when the Mill needs its power,
Which ground for the people the bran of their slanders,
And put up for virtue some superfine flour.

ages here, like the beauties around me,
sent to my view, but they cannot be mine,
They smile but for others, awaken and wound
me,
My sole hope of joy is in glory divine.

The tide of my life, like the tide moving ocean,
Here finds a fix'd limit,—here moves to retire;
Seeks blessings eternal to mortals by motion,
Till oceans shall rest, and till genius expire.

The tide, like myself, may depart as unneeded,
Depart "when the sound of the grinding is low:"
Thy use, tide eternal! is shown, but unheeded,
I pass unregarded like waters that flow.

Farewell to a world which retains a kind brother,
Farewell tides and fountains that usefully rise!
I go to the rest of a sister and mother,
The soul may ascend to its home in the skies.

FINIS.

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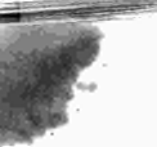

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